

From the Quarterly Review.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V. By W. STIRLING, M. P. 8vo. 1852.

SEVEN years have passed since the Spanish Handbook made us acquainted with Mr. Ford's visit to the convent of Yuste, where Charles V. breathed his last. Previously no Englishman of any note—Lord John Russell, we believe, excepted—had penetrated into that remote retreat, which certainly no one had described. Now that Spain is replaced in the Anglo-Saxon travelling map, a change has come over the spirit of the scene;—this secluded spot, so beautiful in itself and so rich in associations, forms a popular point to our pilgrims, and the solitude of the cell ceases when the long vacation begins. In welcoming again to our pages one of these more recent tourists—the accomplished annalist of the Artists of Spain—we rejoice to see such good use made of the precious boons of leisure and fortune, and trust that the new member for Perthshire will not forswear type in disgust of bales of blue books, but continue from time to time to entertain and instruct us with tomes like this.

It is not unlikely that, in the choice of his present subject, Mr. Stirling was influenced by the feeling that it would be peculiarly becoming in a Spanish student born north of the Tweed, to make the *amende honorable* to history, by refuting some gross errors to which two of his countrymen had given currency nearly a century ago. We cheerfully admit the merits of the Robertson school, the first to cut down the folio Rapin phalanx into reasonable proportions. They deserve lasting gratitude as the pioneers who made history accessible; and if they sacrificed too much to style, it was the French fashion of the day, when authors, relying more on rhetoric than research, trusted to mask the shallowness of the stream, by the sparkle that danced on a clear surface; and graceful writing—the secret of pleasant reading—does indeed cover a multitude of sins. History thus made easy, and speaking the language of *bon ton*, was sufficient for our forefathers, who, provided general outlines were drawn with a free hand, neither cared for correctness in particulars, nor were displeased with touching incidents, invented by ingenious gentlemen, either contemners of real facts or too indolent to hunt for them, and who, like contemporary geographers, “placed elephants instead of towns” in the open downs of guess-work description. No Niebuhr had then arisen to separate truth from fable, to fix precision of detail, and furnish a model to modern investigation and accuracy. “Oh! read me not history,” exclaimed Sir Robert Walpole, “for that I know to be false”—and no writer of it ever was satisfied with more imperfect sources of information than Dr. Robertson, who, according to Walpole's son, “took everything on trust; and when he compiled his Charles V.—[the bulky biography of a great Emperor of Germany and King of Castile]—was in utter ignorance of German and Spanish historians.” He cited, indeed, says Mr. Stirling,

“the respectable names of Sandoval, Verna, and De Thou, but seems chiefly to have relied upon Leti, one of the most lively and least trustworthy of the historians of his time.” This Italian—like M. Thiers, Lamartine, and Co., of our day—was a glozing, gossiping, historical-romancer. His four Duos, published at Amsterdam, A. D. 1700, were much read at the time, but are now forgotten and rare. Dr. Robertson was followed by Dr. Watson, his ape. The dull Aberdeen professor just echoed the elegant principal's blunders in his Philip II.—a production at once clumsy and flimsy, that will shortly receive a due quietus in the great work on which Mr. Prescott has long been occupied.

When these misstatements were first pointed out in the Handbook, reference was made to a certain MS., purchased by M. Mignet, who, it was prophesied, would some day “publish it as his own.” M. Gachard, a learned Belgian, next made known that this MS., was deposited in the archives of the foreign office at Paris. Mr. Stirling, not as yet contemplating the performance before us, but anxious to solve a collateral question, went there in the summer of 1850, and endeavored in vain to conciliate the good offices of some literati commonly supposed to take a special concern in historical inquiries. No help from them!—but on a subsequent visit in winter, his application for permission found favor with President Bonaparte himself—and being further backed by Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who interested themselves in “getting the order obeyed by the unwilling officials,” our author at last grasped in his hands the dragon-guarded MS.—and found it a real prize. Its writer, Canon Thomas Gonzalez, was intrusted by Ferdinand VII. with the custody and reconstruction of the national archives at Simancas, after the expulsion of the French invaders, whose plunderings and dislocations M. Gachard has truly described. Don Thomas fully availed himself of his unlimited access to treasures which had been so long sealed alike to natives and foreigners by the suspicious government of Madrid. Hence the MS. now in question—entitled “Memoir of Charles at Yuste.” Gonzalez himself supplied little more than the thread on which the pearls were strung—leaving it, as far as possible, for the actors to tell their own tale in their own words—in short, he depended substantially on the correspondence that passed between the Courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired Emperor and his household. More authentic evidence cannot consequently exist; the dead, after three centuries of cold obstruction, are summoned to the bar of history—for sooner or later everything shall be known. Unfortunately the full bowl was dashed from Mr. Stirling's lips by his not being allowed to “transcribe any of the original documents, the French government [M. Mignet!] having entertained the design of publishing the entire work;”—a project which the Ledru-Rollin revolution of 1848 had retarded, and which this English forestalling may possibly not advance. Meantime, until the MS.

Memoir be printed in *extenso*—which we hope ultimately will be the case—we must, and may well, content ourselves with its having supplied the groundwork and chief materials of Mr. Stirling's volume—which, moreover, collects and arranges for us illustrations from a multitude of other sources, all critically examined, and many of them, no doubt, familiar of old to the owner of the rich Spanish library at Keir.

The first printed account of Charles at Yuste, and hitherto the best, is to be found in Joseph de Sigüenza's comprehensive history of St. Jerome and his order. The learned author of this monastic classic, born in 1545, and the friend of many who had known the emperor intimately, was appointed the first prior of the Escorial by Philip II., who held him to be the greatest wonder of that monastery, itself the eighth wonder of the world; and there to this day his thoughtful portrait, painted by Coello, hangs in the identical cell in which he lived so long and wrote so much and so well. "Of the existence of Sigüenza," says Mr. Stirling, "Dr. Robertson does not appear to have been aware;"—but very possibly, had the book itself (or rather a translation of it) come into his hands, the Principal would have run over it with no careful eye—for it seems to have been one of the dogmas of his creed that Charles, when once sequestered to a convent, was *civilius mortuus*—beyond sober historical jurisdiction—and at best entitled to point a moral and adorn a tale. Be that as it may, the imperial hermit might well have been studied as he was even by pious Sigüenza; for he had filled the first place in this world at a most critical epoch, when the middle ages ended and the modern began; when old things were passing away, and change and transition, political and intellectual, were the order of the day. The monarchical system had then superseded the feudal, and the balance of the powers of Europe, now one great family, was shadowed out. His was the age of Leo X., when printing and the restoration of the classics acted on literature—Michael Angelo and Raphael on art—gunpowder and infantry on warfare—and when, last not least, Luther with the Bible struck at fallacies and superstitions, shivering the fetters forged at Rome for the human mind. Many circumstances rendered Charles the chief and foremost personage, the centre and cynosure, in this most remarkable period. The accident of birth had indeed thrust greatness on him. The sun never set on the dominions in the old and new world of one man, who, when he assumed *Plus Ultra* for his motto, striking the negative from the pillared limits which bounded the ambition of a demigod, gave to other monarchs a significant hint that his had none;—and fortune, when a King of France was his prisoner at Madrid, a Pope his captive in Rome itself, seemed to favor his gigantic aspirations. In later times abdication has so often been made the escape of weak and bad rulers, legitimate and illegitimate, that we must place ourselves in the sixteenth century and think and feel as men then did, if we desire fully to understand the thunderclap effect produced when this monopolist of fame and power, this Cæsar and Charlemagne of his day, altogether voluntarily, and like Diocletian of old, his prototype and parallel in infinite particulars, descended from so many thrones—exchanging care-lined ermine for the cowl, and burying himself forever, far from courts and camps, in the solitude of a mountain cloister.

Charles, in bidding farewell to so much greatness, did not take the solemn step without due deliberation. He, too, like the recluse of Spalatro, had long meditated on such a conclusion, as one devoutly to be wished for; and now, when he felt his physical forces gradually giving way, worn as a scabbard by the steel of an over-active intellect—now when Philip, trained in his school, was in full vigor of mind and body, he felt the moment had at length come for shifting from his bending shoulders, "a load would sink a navy," and preparing himself for heaven by the concentrated contemplation of that valley and shadow through which he must ere long pass.

Such a yearning was as much in accordance with Spanish character in general as with his own particular idiosyncrasies. A similar tendency marked the earliest Gothic sovereigns of Christianized Spain. Elurico, king of the Suevi, died a monk in 583—and his immediate successor, Andeca, imitated the example; Wamba assumed the cowl at Pampliega, where he expired in 682; Bermudo I. went to his grave in 791 a friar; Alphonso IV., surnamed the Monk; followed in 930—as did Ramiro II. in 950. St. Ferdinand, one of the best and greatest of Spanish kings, delighted to spend intervals of pensive quietude among the brethren of St. Facundus. The hypochondriacism evident in Enrique IV. passed through his sister, the pious Isabel, to her daughter *Juana La Loca* (Crazy Jane), the mother of two emperors and four queens. She lived and died in the nunnery of Tordesillas, and the malady transmitted to her son Charles became fixed in the Spanish line of the Austrian blood to its close. Philip II. lived and died virtually a monk, in his Escorial; his son, Philip III., vegetated a weak bigot, as did his weaker grandson Charles II. The taint crossed the Pyrenees with Anne of Austria, whose son, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, died every inch a monk, while his grandson, Philip V., first abdicated, then ended a melancholy recluse in the Guadarama. With the royal daughters of Spain the confessor so regularly replaced the lover, that the convent, as a finale, became the rule. Nor was this morbidly religious disposition confined to royalties; it has at all times peopled lauras, hermitages, and cloisters of Spain with her best and bravest sons. In that semi-oriental nation, a desire to withdraw from the world-weariness to the shadow of some great rock, grows as youth wears away—with love and war in its train; then the peculiar *Desengaño*, the disenchantment, the finding out the stale, flat, and unprofitable vanity of vanities, urges the winding up a scene of action by repose, and an atonement for sensuality by mortification. When the earlier stimulants are no longer efficient, abodes and offices of penance furnish a succedaneum to the uneducated and resourceless:—nor, in truth, can anything be more impressive than the hermit-sites of the Vierzos and Montserrat of the Peninsula—their unspeakable solace of solitude, so congenial to disappointed spirits, who, condemning and lamenting the earthly pleasures that they have outlived, depart from the crowd, their affections set above—

to mourn o'er sin,
And find, for outward Eden lost, a paradise within.

Charles, even in the prime of life, had settled with his beloved empress that they would both retire from the world and from each other so soon as their children were grown up. He had long

prepared himself for monastic habits. During Lent he withdrew, when at Toledo, to the convent La Suela, and when at Valladolid to a monastery, near Abrujo, at which he built quarters for his reception; nay, fifteen years before he abdicated, he confided his intention to his true friend Francesco de Borja—himself, by and by, a memorable example of pomp-renouncing reflexion. The emperor selected the Order of St. Jerome, hospitable rather than ascetic; and appears to have soon listened with special attention to the praises of their establishment at Yuste. He caused the site to be examined some twelve years before he finally determined—nor could any locality have been better chosen. If Spain herself, unvisited and unvisited, was the recluse of Europe, her remote Estremadura—*extrema ora*—became naturally the very Thebais for native anchorites. Here, indeed, the Romans of old had placed their capital Merida, a “little Rome,” and the district under the Moors was a garden and granary; but administrative neglect and the emigration of the multitudes who followed their countrymen, Cortez and Pizarro, to the “diggings” of the new world, ere long grievously impoverished and depopulated the province, where—*absit omen!*—to this day uncultivated and uninhabited leagues of fertile land remain overgrown with aromatic bush, the heritage of the wild bee. The Hieronimite convent, so extolled to the emperor, stands—or rather stood—about seven leagues from “pleasant” Placencia, a town most picturesquely placed in a bosom of beauty and plenty, girdled by snow-capped sierras, moated by trout-streams, and clothed with forests of chestnut, mulberries, and orange. The fraternity had nestled on a park-like hill-slope which sheltered devotion from the wind, and still, basking in the sunny south, sweeps over the boundless horizon of the *Vera*—where spring indeed is perpetual. So much for the “St. Justus seated in a vale of no great extent,” of Dr. Robertson, who, blundering from the threshold to the catastrophe, mistakes a Canterbury saint for a Castilian streamlet, the Yuste, which descending behind the monastery had given it its name.

In 1554, Charles, then in Flanders, finally sent his son Philip to the holy spot, to inspect its capabilities, in reference to a plan, sketched by his own hand, of some additional buildings necessary for his accommodation. Events were hurrying to the conclusion. Mary of England, on her accession, lost no time in personally informing Charles—to whom she had been affianced thirty years before—that she was nothing loth to become his second empress. Charles, in handing over the gracious offer to Philip, who was then engaged to marry his cousin of Portugal, added that, were the Tudor Queen mistress of far ampler dominions, they should not tempt him from a purpose of quite another kind. So much for Dr. Watson’s assertion, that Charles was quite resolved to espouse the mature maiden in case Philip had declined taking her off his hands. The extirpation of heresy in England being alike uppermost in the minds of the emperor and his heir, no objections were raised by the latter to this parental proposal. He as readily consented to marry the English princess destined for his father, as he afterwards did to marry the French princess destined for his son Don Carlos. The Portuguese cousin was thrown over; and when the bigot Philip was duly linked to the bloody Mary, Smithfield contributed no inapt torch to hymeneals simultaneously illu-

minated by the *autos de fe* of the Spanish Inquisition. The ambition of Charles, when he now prepared to shift the burdens of actual sovereignty from his own shoulder, was transferred, not extinguished; in exact proportion as he panted to denude himself of empire, he was anxious to aggrandize his son. His health had long been bad and broken. Feeble in constitution, and a martyr to gout, which his imprudences at table augmented, a premature old age overtook him. So far back as 1549, Marillac, the envoy of France, ever Spain’s worst enemy, had gladdened his master with a *signalement* of the sick Cæsar:—“L’œil abattu, la bouche pale, le visage plus mort que vif, le col exténué, la parole faible, l’haleine courte, le dos fort courbé, et les jambes si faibles qu’à grande peine il pouvait aller avec un bâton de sa chambre jusqu’à sa garde-robe.” The hand that once wielded the lance and jereed so well, was then scarcely able to break the seal of a letter; and now depressing disasters conspired to reduce his moral energy to a level with his physical prostration. Fickle fortune, which had smiled on him formerly, was, as he said, turning to younger men. The repulse at Metz, and ignominious flight to Inspruck, were terrible signs of it, and the death of his mother, in April, 1555, having at length made him really king proprietary of Spain, he carried out his intentions of a general abdication at his Flemish capital, Brussels, on Friday, October 25th of that same year. His last address was full of dignity, and pathos;—weeping himself, he drew sympathetic tears from the whole of the assembly; the scene is touchingly reported by our minister, Sir John Mason, who was present.*

Ill health detained the ex-monarch nearly a year longer in Flanders, which he finally quitted, September 13, 1556. His exit was imperial. He was accompanied by his two sisters, the dowager Queens of Hungary and France, who indeed wished to be permanent sharers of his retirement, and was attended by a suite of one hundred and fifty persons, and a fleet of fifty-six sail. He reached Laredo on the 28th. Robertson prostrates him on the ground at landing—eager to salute the common mother of mankind, to whom he now returned naked as he was born. Neither is there the slightest foundation for this episode, nor for the doctor’s diatribes on the neglect he met in Spain. He was indeed put to a little inconvenience, from having appeared sooner than was expected, and before adequate preparations were complete, in about the poorest part of a country “always in want of everything at the critical moment:”—matters, however, speedily mended on the arrival of his chamberlain, an experienced campaigner, and cunning in the commissariat. The cavalcade set forth over some of the wildest mountain-passes in Spain—through poverty-stricken districts, where stones are given for bread, where the rich are sent empty away, and then, as now, miserably unprovided even with such accommodation for man or beast as Spaniards and their locomotive, the mule, alone could or can endure.—“Oh! dura tellus Iberia!” Charles, sick and gouty, travelled by short stages of ten to fifteen miles a-day, sometimes in a chair carried by men, at other times in a litter. The identical palanquin in which his Catholic majesty was “cribbed, cabined, and confined,” during this Cæsarean operation, is still preserved in the Armeria at Madrid; something between a black

* See the paper in Mr. Burgon’s industrious biography of Sir Thomas Gresham (ii. 74).

trunk and a coffin, it is infinitely less comfortable than the elegant articles furnished by Mr. Banting. His progress, the vehicle notwithstanding, was right regal. Provinces and cities emptied themselves to do homage, and he entered Burgos, the time-honored capital of Castile, amid pealing bells and a general illumination; here he remained two days, holding a perpetual levee, highly delighted, and with every wish anticipated. So much for Dr. Robertson's moving "tale of the deep affliction of Charles at his son's ingratitude," and the forced residence at Burgos for "some weeks" before Philip paid the first moiety of the small pension which was all he had reserved of so many kingdoms—with the tragical addition that the said delay prevented him rewarding or dismissing his suite, which, in fact, he neither did nor wished to do here. At Cabezon he was met by his grandson, the ill-omened Don Carlos, of whom he formed a bad but correct first impression, and forthwith recommended to the regent Juana "an unsparing use of the rod;" the boy already, at eleven years of age, evinced unmistakable symptoms "of a sullen, passionate temper. He lived in a state of perpetual rebellion against his aunt, and displayed from the nursery the weakly mischievous spirit which marked his short career at his father's court." Mr. Stirling properly treats all the love for his father's wife, and his consequent murder, as the contemptible fictions of malevolent ignorance, though adopted and revived of late by the Alfieris, Schillers, and other illustrious dramatists.

Charles entered Valladolid, where the court was residing, without parade, but by the usual gate. "It would be a shame," said he, "not to let his people see him"—a cause and monument of his country's greatness. He was received by all, high and low, most deferentially, and held frequent cabinet councils. On resuming his journey, he "thanked God that he was getting beyond the reach of ceremony, and that henceforward no more visits were to be made, no more receptions to be undergone." He now approached the wild and rugged Sierra de Bejar, one of the backbones of the Peninsula; yet rather than face the episcopal and municipal civilities of Placencia, to which Dr. Robertson takes him, he braved a shorter cut, over an alpine pass which might have scared a chamouis or contrabandista—a route which recalled the miseries of his flight to Innsbruck, and is almost described by Lactantius, in his account of the journey of Diocletian to Nicomedia:—"Cum jam felicitas ab eo recessisset, impatiens et æger animi, profectus hyeme, sæviante frigore, atque imbribus verberatus, mordum levem et perpetuum traxit, vexatusque per omne iter lacticæ plurimum vehabatur." (*De Morte Persec.*, xvii.)

Mr. Stirling paints like a true artist the toppling crags, the torrents, and precipices amidst which nature sits enthroned in all her sublimity, with her wildest and loveliest forms broad-cast about her, where least seen, as if in scorn for the insect man and his admiration. When at length the cavalcade crept, like a wounded snake, to the culminating crest, and the promised land, the happy Rasselas valley, lay unrolled as a map beneath him—"This is indeed the Vera," exclaimed Charles, "to reach which surely some suffering might be borne." Then turning back on the mountain gorges of the *Puerto Nuevo*, which frowned behind, and thinking, as it were, of the gates of the world closed on him forever: "Now," added he, "I shall never go through pass again." He reached Xarandilla before sunset,

and alighted at the castle of the Count of Oropesa, the great feudal lord of the district. Here he remained the whole winter—fretting and fuming at the delays in the completion of the new wing at Yuste, which had been begun three years before, and which Mr. Cubitt would have put out of hand in three months. The weather was severe; but while the winds and rain beat out of doors, and the imperial suite waded in waterproof boots, the great man himself, wrapped in robes wadded with eider down, sat by a blazing fire, and discussed heavy affairs of state for the public benefit, and heavier dinners and suppers for his private injury. The outlandish attendants almost mutinied from discontent; the chosen Paradise of the master was regarded as a sort of hell upon earth by the servants; they yearned for home, and dragging at each step a weightier chain, sighed as they remembered their sweet Belgian Argos. Yet, if Spaniards have written their annals true, these said Belgians and Hollanders looked plump and fair, and fed as voraciously as if they had been Jews upon the unctuous hams and griskins of Montanehes. Estremadura is indeed a porcine pays de Coagne, an Elysium of the pig, a land overflowing with savory snakes for his summer improvement, and with sweet acorns for his autumnal perfectionment; whence results a flesh fitter for demigods than Dutchmen, and a fat, tinted like melted topazes—a morsel for cardinals and wise men of the west.

Tel maître tels valets—and Charles set his faithful followers a magnificent example: his worst disease was an inordinate appetite, and his most besetting sin the indulgence thereof—*edacitas damnosa*. Nor did he voluntarily repudiate the old Belgic respect for god Bacchus. So long back as 1532, his spiritual adviser "had bidden him beware of fish"—but added that he must be more moderate in his cups; or else both mind and body would go down hill—"cuesta abajo." The habits of the Heliogabalic hermit are thus racily described by our genial author:—

Roger Ascham, standing "hard by the imperial table at the feast of the Golden Fleece," watched with wonder the emperor's progress through "sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare;" after which, "he fed well of a capon," drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John's, "the best that ever I saw. He had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last on rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before.

The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large—and the emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state is asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Orsonio once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted "of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself on making, in the Flemish fashion at Tordesillas," and

for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges the emperor said that they used to be better—ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known, or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Court of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza. The Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves, and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation, and remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovvers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an *cel-pie* as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

So much for "his table neat and plain" according to Dr. Robinson—(sheep's-head and oat-bannocks to wit!)—and here, if space permitted, we might point out to hero worshippers, other great men, on whose crests sat plumed victory, of even greater appetite, and who, succumbing to the spit, dug their graves with their teeth. We might compare the pickled tunny and iced beer of the invincible Charles with the potentias and fiery condiments of Frederick the Great, who planned a battle or a bill of fare with equal skill and solicitude; who appointed for each different dish or defile a different cook or colonel. Charles paid no less attention to medicine than to the *menu*—to the antidote than to the bane. His *manna* came express from Naples—his *senna-leaves*, "the best from Alexandria," were steeped in white wine of Yepes, selected by the general of the Hieronimites, an order of monks celebrated for their cellars. He accepted pills readily—but turned a deaf ear to his mentors, who—brother-graduates of poor Sancho's terrible Doctor de Tirtenuera (*Anglicè*, Dr. Take-away)—remonstrated as often as a liver-loading delicacy was placed before him. He had long been wont, when his physicians ("the wise Baersdorp and the great Vesalius") disputed his case, like those in Molière, to appeal to one Caballo (*Caballus*, called *Onagrus Magnus* by the suite); and this Spanish quack, whose art of dining and dietary was "eat and drink what you like," as usual carried the day. Hence cramps—the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach—tossings and turnings by nights—and the next day's repetition of the sin and cause; so weak was the imperial flesh; so unflinching the portioning of pills, the weighing of scruples, the doctor's visit and gossip—all the con-

centrated egotism and immemorial consolations of the sick-room.

At last, as everything comes to an end, even in Spain, there arrived tidings that mason, carpenter, and upholsterer had finished the job at Yuste, and in January, 1557, nearly a hundred of the suite were paid off, and kindly dismissed. It was a sad sight to see the breaking up of so old a company of trainers, bursting now like a shell and never to meet again. On the 3rd of February—Dr. Robertson's 24th—the emperor, accompanied by sixty attendants—Dr. Robertson's "twelve domestics only"—reached the convent, and saluted the prior and his new brethren—

An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.

The picturesque principal, wishing to enhance present lowliness with the contrast of past greatness, describes the "humble retreat" prepared for fallen Cæsar as "hardly sufficient for a private gentleman:—four out of the six rooms in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls, and all on a level with the ground!" Although the additional wing had neither golden gate nor temple of Esculapius, as at Spalatro, the elevation partook more of a cheerful Italian villa than a Spanish convent. The building was superintended by Antonio Villacastin, who afterwards, as surveyor of the works of the Escorial, saw the first stone laid of that gigantic pile, and its completion; there he lies buried like our Wren, and also aged 91, in his own St. Paul's, the best monument of his fame. The wing consisted of two stories, each containing four rooms, connected by sunny galleries outside, and well warmed inside by fireplaces, such as the chilly Charles everywhere introduced into his Spanish residences, even in the Alcazar of sun-roasted Seville and the Alhambra of sun-toasted Granada, to the merciless destruction of exquisite Moorish diapry and surface wall decoration. The emperor inhabited the upper story; an opening was made, which enabled him, when confined to his bed, to see the high altar and the celebration of mass in the chapel; his cabinet looked southward—the garden below it easily reached by an inclined plane, and arranged in a succession of terraces down to the stream. The front of the monastery was shaded by a magnificent walnut-tree, even then called *el nogal grande*—"a Nestor of the woods, which has seen the hermit's cell rise to a royal convent, and sink into ruin, and has survived the Spanish order of St. Jerome and the Austrian dynasty." The rooms were furnished to his peculiar simple taste, and hung with plain cloth instead of the usual costly arras, of which, however, he had enough to tapestry the whole building. His supply of quilts and fine linen was greater still; while his friends were seated on velvet chairs, he himself reposed on one with wheels, six soft cushions, and a footstool. Mr. Stirling prints the inventory of all his goods and chattels. Of gold and silver plate he had 13,000 ounces; he washed his hands in basins of silver—nay, even the meanest utensil of his bed-chamber was made of that material, and, it may be suspected, from the very homely English names, imperfectly Castilianized, that the article had been a delicate attention from the enamored Mary. Charles, who always had been plain to parsimony in his dress, did not turn dandy in the cloister; his jewels consisted chiefly of badges of the Golden Fleece, one of which is said, incorrectly, to have been

worn by our great Duke. He had some amulets against plague and cramp, many pocket watches, and dozen pairs of spectacles. His pictures were few, but select, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian; among them the portrait of his gentle, graceful Isabel, taken soon after the honeymoon, recalled to him the treasure he had lost, while another, of his son's English prize, reminded him of the horrors he had himself escaped. At the imperial command the convent choir had been reinforced by some sixteen picked melodious friars; Charles himself, ever fond of music, and a singer of anthems, now performed *pro virili* as their precentor. His nice ear and musical memory detected alike a borrowed motet in the maestro de capilla, as a false note in a singer, whom he rated by name with some gracious addition of *Hideputa bermejo*—"a red-headed son of—": an expression derogatory to the mother of any vocalist, let alone a church quirister, and, as Mr. Stirling says, "certainly savoring more of the camp than the cloister."

On the whole his regular habits accorded well with monastic life, in which one day is like another, and all creep in their petty place to dusty death. The order of the course was this; at waking his confessor assisted at his private devotions, then his valets at his toilette; after mass he sat down to mess, *dalla massa alla mensa*; his dinner was long, for his appetite was prodigious, and the mastication of his toothless gums, and the carving with his gout-crippled fingers, tedious; meantime his physician stood at one side waging fruitless war to the knife and fork too, and his man of letters stood on the other to discourse pleasantly, and then read him to the subsequent siesta from a good book. Such sleep as a patristic folio could induce, mass again, a sermon, and an anthem filled up the afternoon. Evening brought the sauntering in the sun amid his flower-beds, or persecuting wood-pigeons with his gun; while, if detained in doors by rain or rheumatism, there were the pet parrot, the tame cats, the mechanical workshop, talk with some visitor, and last not least, state business with his secretary; after vespers came supper, "a meal much like the dinner," which made his chamberlain's loyal heart quake.

This high officer, the chief among the fifteen confidential persons who formed his "chamber," has already been introduced by our author. *Don Luis Quixada*, the type of a good old Castilian soldier and hidalgo, was spare and sinewy in frame, formal in manners and cut of his beard, full of strong sense and prejudices, proud and punctilious, but true as steel to his faith and king, and an excellent hater of all Jews, heretics, and friars. Good Quixada may possibly have been in the mind's eye of Cervantes when he drew his immortal *Quixote*. To this tried follower Charles had confided the care of his illegitimate son, the subsequently celebrated Don Juan of Austria; the secret was scrupulously kept, and the boy was brought up as the page of Magdalena, the wife of Don Luis.

In his third chapter Mr. Stirling, relying on ascertained truth, and eschewing all the tricks of historical romance, makes us equally familiar with his majesty's other principal attendants. The gravest charge of all had been given to the Reverend *Juan de Regla*—

loins. On being first introduced into the imperial presence, he chose to speak, in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of the great reluctance which he felt in occupying a post of such weighty responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously; "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a year in easing my conscience, so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

The important post of private secretary was filled by *Martin Gaztelu*, and by him the whole confidential correspondence was carried on, as the emperor himself could seldom do more than scrawl a few words with his chalky fingers. *William van Male* of Bruges was intimately admitted into the *personnel*, the heart and soul secrets of Charles. Long the first gentleman of the bedchamber, he had become part and parcel of the invalid's existence. This honest and learned man was the scholar and "Dominie" of the society. He rendered to Charles, in the degree required, such literary services as Voltaire did to Frederick the Great. *Il lavait son linge sale*—or licked into shape the crude compositions of a royal master, who, although his education, born and bred in camps, had been neglected, was not without aspirations to twine the laurel of Apollo with that of Mars. Our Cæsar having, like Julius of old, written his own commentaries, Van Male converted the imperial French (of 1550) into elegant Latin. On another occasion Charles did into Spanish prose the French poem *Le Chevalier Déterminé*, which translation Hernando de Acuña, by his direction, again turned into Castilian verse, and so much to his majesty's content that he felt some desire to admit the reading world into a share of the intellectual treat. Nevertheless, however well satisfied with the works of his pen, and however ardently complimented thereon by his attendants, the monarch, it seems, trembled before the critic, and could not easily make up his mind to rush into print, shame the fools, and proclaim the august authorship. We must reluctantly pass over Mr. Stirling's pleasant particulars of the tricks and jokes played on the poor Fleming poet-laureate by the "windy Spaniards," who made him a cat's-paw, and so magnified in the eyes of Charles the certain profits which must result from the publication, that the emperor at last forced him to go to press, by which worthy Van Male was half ruined. In justice to the emperor, it must be said that he sincerely meant to do a good turn to a faithful attendant, who for six years previously to his abdication had never quitted him by day or night. Oft when Charles, with over-worked brain and stomach, had, like Henry IV., fringed gentle sleep from his pillow, the weary scholar was summoned to the bedside to beguile the long hours by reading from the Vulgate, or by joining in a psalmodic duet, until his own health almost broke down, to the no great displeasure of Charles, who loved him all the better from the congeniality of valetudinarianism, most courtier-like, although most unintentional. No man ever probed so deeply into the secret workings of the reserved and commanding mind of the emperor as Van Male, who trembled, when writing to De Praet, at even the recollections of the mysterious confidences he made him. These accordingly, and very unhappily for history, are not revealed in his letters—published at Brussels in 1843, by the Baron de Reiffenbach—which remarkable series, however, affords invaluable glimpses of the hero of the sixteenth age, as seen by the eyes of his valet.

one of those monks, who knew how to make ladders to place and favor of the ropes which girt their ascetic

The hero, always very chary of his future fame, welcomed to Yuste another erudite virtuoso, a great friend of Van Male's, *Juan Gines Sepulveda*, who ventured in his sixtieth year to quit the sunny south and face the mud and mules of the *Puerto Nuevo*, without the imperial conveniences—a step which nearly put an end to his benefited and literary life. Charles was all through the centre of the circle, the observed of all observers and satellites, who, learned or unlearned, held him to be the greatest monarch and man that ever had been or ever could be; and that to name him was sufficient—

Carlo quinto, ed è assai questo,
Perche si sa per tutto il mondo il resto.

The medical staff was commensurate with that of the kitchen. The resident physician-in-chief was *Henry Mathys*, a Fleming, who, on special consultations, was backed by *Giovanni Mole*, a Milanese, and *Cornelio*, a Spaniard. Their bulletins from day to day, and their prescriptions duly chronicled in dog and doctor Latin, and with "singular dulness and prolixity," are still preserved in the archives at Simancas. Nor must we omit mention of another practitioner who administered to the mind of the patient, and, by making him of a cheerful countenance, kept up his moral health, and reconciled him to a wet or no-post day. To this *Juanelo Torriano*, a mechanician of Cremona, the keeping of the horological department had long been confided; he regulated the clocks and watches of Charles, who was as nice in the notation of his time to the fraction of a minute, as was our good old English-hearted king George III. The Italian also constructed little figures that moved, birds that flew, and other ingenious toys, by which the prior and monks, who took him for a wizard, were scared out of such wits as they had, to the delight of the emperor, who took no less pleasure in this workshop than Louis XVI. did in forging locks and keys. Very pretty indeed is Dr. Robertson's story that Charles, on failing to make any two watches keep time together, confessed a penitential regret for ever having attempted to enforce a uniformity of religion; but, alas! it is mere romance again; every day that he grew older his bigotry waxed the stronger, and no less so the expressions arguing his constant anxiety that all lost sheep might, by the help of good dogs and croziers, be got safe into, and duly sheared in, the one true Roman and Apostolical fold. Equally apocryphal is the doctor's statement that Charles only "admitted a few neighbors to visits—and entertained them at table;" an honor so opposed to Spanish etiquette that he never conceded it but once in all his life, and then in favor of Alva, the great and iron duke of his day. As respects the principal's rarity of visitors, even from the neighborhood—callers and guests were in fact exceedingly numerous—constantly arriving from all quarters, and many of them well worthy of Mr. Stirling's commemoration. Not the least assiduous was that once celebrated scion of a house that had given birth to kings and popes, and in whose bosom a congenial spirit burned, the already named *Francesco de Borja*, ex-duke of Gandia, the "miracle of princes," a saint among grandes and a grandee among saints; and some compensation was, indeed, owing to the Church from a family which had given her an Alexander VI. Born in 1510, our better Borgia early displayed a serious turn even at court, and was

selected by Charles to convey the corpse of his empress from Toledo to Granada. When the coffin was opened to verify the body, the appalling death-change so affected the young nobleman, that he resolved to renounce the world, his rank, and riches; accordingly, in 1550 he became a Jesuit, and died, in 1562, general of the order. Frequent as were his visits to Yuste, he was always welcomed by Charles, who even condescended to send him every day, when there, the "most approved dish" from his own table; many and long were their conferences, at which no one was ever present, and a portion only of the subject matter, communicated by Francesco himself to Ribadaneira, has been recorded in that author's life of the ex-duke—a work, we need hardly say, with which Dr. Robertson was altogether unacquainted.

Another no less constant and cherished guest was *Don Luis de Avila*, an old comrade of the emperor's—and this indeed was a neighbor, for he lived in "lettered and laurelled ease" at Placencia. His commentaries on the wars of his Cæsar in Germany have been compared by Spaniards to those of the "great hook-nosed fellow of Rome" himself. Charles delighted in this lively Quintus Curtius, who blew the Castilian trumpet right thrasonically, and his book, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, lay always on his imperial reading-table:—one, it must be confessed, less plentifully supplied than that in his dining-room, from which, by the bye, on one occasion he ordered a capon to be reserved for Avila—an honor so great as to be specially notified in a despatch sent to court. Charles fought his battles over again with Captain Luis, as Uncle Toby did his with Corporal Trim, and as the wanted fires warmed up even in the ashes, forgot his gout, and, shouldering his crutches, showed how fields were won. Nor were the solaces of church militant and drum ecclesiastic wanting; the emperor's fondness for pulpit eloquence was fueled to the bent by a company of preachers selected from the most potent and competent of the Hieronimite order. Mr. Stirling has fished from the pools of Lethe the names of some of the least obscure of these. The imperial household, courtiers, and soldiers, were astounded at their master's affability and good-humor, which made him no less popular in the cloister than in the camp. It passed their understanding, that his Cæsarean and Catholic majesty should keep such low company, and associate with a pack of "unendurable blockheads," at whom they swore lustily, after the immemorial fashion of armies in Flanders. They hated the convent, and anathematized the friars who built it; they were not yet weaned from the world, nor surfeited with its boons; they had no dislike to loaves or fishes, to place or profit, nor any predilection for prayer, penitence, sermons, self-flagellations, and similar recreations, whereby cloister life was so sweetened to their master, that he often declared he never had been so happy before.

Yet his existence was by no means that pictured by Robertson, "of a man perfectly disengaged from this present life; of one from whose mind all former ambitious thoughts were effaced; who, so far from taking part in the political transactions of Europe, did not even inquire about them, but viewed the busy scene with contempt or indifference;" who, says Watson, out-Heroding Herod, did not even "suffer his domestics to inform him what was passing in the world." Watson tells

that Charles resigned because his son was evidently resolved to force the crown from him, and he draped the contest;—both doctors, major and minor, carrying on the Hyperborean gospel by stating that he discovered, on his very landing at Laredo, that “he was no longer a monarch,” and felt bitterly the neglect of Philip—even his pittance pension being unpaid; that during his fits of gout he was altogether incapable of business, and gave himself up only to trifling and childish occupations; that he showed no traces whatever, for six months before his death of his former sound and masculine understanding; finally, that, while any faculties did remain with him, he constantly repented his resignation, and contemplated a resumption of power—which Philip as perpetually feared. We need not recur to the long-resolved abdication; for the rest, the simple truth is, that from the moment he returned to Spain to the hour of his death, he was treated as a king—ay, every inch a king; not only was his reserved income, about 1,500*l.* a year, regularly paid, but his private hoard of 30,000 ducats in gold scrupulously respected—and this in the midst of great financial difficulties. It was in vain that Philip, instead of dreading an attempt at resumption, was ever and anon urging his father to take the reins of power once more, or at least to reside nearer Valladolid, the seat of government, to be more readily accessible. It now appears that his successors fell back on his matured experience in every difficult crisis, just as all parties among ourselves were wont to have recourse to our lost *decus et tutamen*. The son, in fact, was, from first to last, no less free from jealousy of his father than the father was from any repentance of abdication, and our author only gives the devil his due when he says—

Filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of gold in the base metal of Philip's character; his father was the one wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, undervalued, or used ill.

Mr. Stirling adds—rather too broadly—

The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks.

Charles, however, without sacrificing the substance for the shadow, continued to take a keen interest in affairs of state. His wary eye swept from his convent watch-tower the entire horizon of Spanish politics; he considered himself the chamber-counsel and family adviser to his children; every day he looked for the arrival of the post with eager anxiety, nor did Gaztelu ever finish the packet without being asked if there were nothing more. Repeated and long were his interviews with the bearers of intelligence too important to be committed to ordinary channels; and when, shortly before his death, a courier arrived with a despatch in cipher concealed in his stirrup-leather, “he overwhelmed him with more questions than ever were put to the damsel Theodora”—the much-interrogated heroine of a then popular novel. Meantime expresses succeeded to expresses, and post with post came thick as hail. More than once did Philip despatch from Flanders the great

Ruy Gomez de Silva himself, the playmate of his youth, the most favored of his ministers, and the husband of his most favored mistress. Omitting the crowds of counts, queens-dowager, priests, place-hunters, and tuft-hunters of every hue—we may just observe that the great recluse ran no risk from the maggots which breed in an idle brain and torment the long hours of a too easy chair. It appears to us, now all the chaff and nonsense of historiographers has been winnowed, once for all, by a vigorous practitioner, that, on the whole, a more rational or agreeable finale to “life's fitful fever” could hardly have been imagined than was realized at Yuste.

That convent-villa, with all its spiritual and fleshly appliances, was the beau-ideal of an *Invalide* for a good, prematurely old Spanish country gentleman of the sixteenth century—even so, indeed, long before had Hadrian, a Spaniard, retired, weary of state and worn in health, to his gardens and villa, to console his declining days with the society of learned men, and with eating contrary to his doctor's advice. Charles was no beaten and dethroned usurper, pining in a foreign prison, and squabbling on his death-bed about rations with his jailer; neither was he a poor monk, wasted marrow and bone and all with vigils and fastings. The considerate father at Rome never stinted indulgences or flesh licenses, or evinced any want of consideration for the conscience or stomach of the most Catholic son of the Church. A solid party-wall separated the fires of his cheery palace-wing and its kitchen from the cold, hungry cell. Fray Carlos, no Ecclesiastes in practice, claimed the benefit of clergy just when and how he chose. He could at a moment lay aside the friar's robe, and appear decorated with the Golden Fleece and all the majesty that doth hedge a king. Sincerely religious, and animated by real faith, his attendances at chapel were a duty, a delight, and a soul-sentiment; not the now-a-day routine and formalism of middle-aged widowhood or celibacy, which flies to the occupation of pew and prie-dieu to escape from the ennui of self. Charles, however, amidst all his popery, had never been other than a true Castilian; while he bowed dutifully to the Church so long as the thunders of the Vatican rolled in his favor, he never scrupled to dash the *brutum fulmen* from clerical hands when the Vicar of Christ bribed the Gaul or Turk to thwart his policy and undermine Spanish interests. He never failed to distinguish the priest from the prince, the spiritual from the temporal; and accordingly, in 1525, he ordered masses to be said for the delivery of the *Holy Pontiff*, when one scrap from his own secretary's pen could have thrown wide the gates at St. Angelo for the *perjured potentate*; nor did he, even in 1558, in all the increased sanctimony of his last days, ever forgive Alva for not visiting the perfidious firebrand Paul IV. with a wholesome correction, similar to that he had himself bestowed on Clement VII. In a word, the Emperor at Yuste was neither a misanthrope nor a dotard. Compelled, from physical reasons, to relinquish the Atlantean burden of the crown, he had retained all his relish for intellectual and innocent pursuits. He was no solitary anchorite; he brought with him his old servants and cooks, who knew his tastes and wants, and whose faces he knew. He had his anthems, his few favorite books, his roses, pictures, experiments, scourges, and hobbies. He had friends to tell his sorrows to, and divide them; to

impart his happinesses to, and double them; he had the play and prattle of his little boy just at the happy age before a son is an uncertain joy, a certain care. Can we wonder at his fixed resolve, immutable as the law of Medes and Persians, to let well alone?—or that, as he lounged in his parterres, watering his flower-cups filled with sunshine, and fragrant himself with the odor of monastic sanctity, he should reply to an envoy of Philip, once again praying him to reassume the sceptre, as Diocletian did to Maximin, "Come and see the vegetables I raise in my garden, and you will no longer talk to me of empire."

Yet there is a thorn in every rose, and little worries there were—foils to such felicities—which disturbed him when peevish from gout or indigestion, but which were soon forgotten when blue pills had dispelled blue devils. The ill-conditioned rustics of the adjoining village, Cuacos, "were the Protestants that troubled his reign in the Vera." Although fattening on the crumbs which fell from his table and purse, they impounded his milch cows and poached his trout preserves. Diocletian, by the way, was much inclined to settle at Spalatro from the excellence of the "genus Salmo," by which the neighboring Hyader was peopled. The bumkins, moreover, filched his sour and reserved Morellas, and pelted the future Nelson of Lepanto for picking the cherries ripe that his father had paid for. At last, the outraged gastronome summoned a common law judge special from Valladolid;—but ere sentence was passed—justice in Spain, like Chancery in England, is not to be hurried—some bold Monks of Yuste implored the emperor himself to beg off these peccant boors, their own brothers and cousins according to the flesh—and compliance was in fact no heavy lot of penance for his majesty. It must be confessed that this philanthropism was clouded by an unpardonable misogyny; Charles, observing certain damsels clustering constantly round the convent gate—as will happen in the best regulated celibacies—and distrusting the lion of St. Jerome, the Androdes of Papal mythology, who always roars and rushes from the picture when the chaste cloister is polluted by woman's approach—directed his crier to proclaim at Cuacos that any daughter of Eve "found within two gun-shots of Yuste should receive a hundred lashes." Womankind, we may here remark, formed, laundresses excepted, no part of the imperial establishment, and they of the wash-tub themselves were located at Cuacos.

His Majesty's general health—hands and time thus agreeably occupied—improved so considerably during his first year of residence, that his life seemed likely to be prolonged to the nine years enjoyed by Diocletian after his abdication;—and already he was planning additional buildings—*secunda marmora sub ipsum funus!* The spring, however, of 1558 was cold; much illness prevailed in the Vera; Charles, shivering in his bed and suffering from gout, was little prepared for the shock of the sudden death of his favorite sister Eleanor, the "gentlest and most guileless of beings." "There were but fifteen months between us," sobbed he, "and in less than that time I shall be with her once more." Political troubles contributed also to depress his mind. Larger than a man's hand grew that little cloud that cast from the seaboard the shadow of coming disasters, and already, ere Charles was gone to his grave, the clay-footed Colossus of Spain's short-lived accidental greatness tottered to a fall. And may

not we of England partake in some of the same uneasy thoughts that darkened on the spirit of the imperial hermit? History, to all who do not deem it an old almanac, presents a succession of parallels. The past assuredly is the prophet of the future—"the thing that hath been is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." *Nous dansons sur un volcan*, and slumber in a fool's paradise of peace theorists, drab-coated patriots, and the minor fry, who advocate a dismantled navy, a disbanded army; who, scouting bastions and bayonets, clamor for calico and the cheap defence of nations—economists who, though caring only for pelf, rebel against the paltry premium of insurance. The unexpected loss of Calais, the woeful calamity engraven on our bloody Mary's hard heart, went far to break that of Charles. It was the untoward event which he never ceased to recur to, and regretted like death itself, which indeed it contributed to hasten. He had foreseen the rooted anxiety France would have to wipe out, *per fas aut nefas*, the blot of St. Quentin—and had urged Mary to strengthen the defences and garrison, scandalously neglected by "an ill-timed parsimony and fatal economy." His advice, backed by that of Lord Wentworth, the military governor, was slighted by her ministers at home, who, Manchesterians by anticipation, boasted that "the reputation of the strength of Calais was alone sufficient for its security," and that "with their white wands they would defend the place." They rejected the offer of a Spanish reinforcement, suspecting that Philip coveted the key of the entry to France for himself—just as the occupation of Cadiz was by Spanish jealousy denied to ourselves in the war of independence. The result was that Calais was carried by a *coup de main*.

France was then in an uproar of exultation; St. Quentin was forgotten—and loud and long were the peans of Parisian wits—replenished with scoffs and unmeasured taunts against the English, who, in falling victims to a daring stratagem, gave, as it seemed to these poetasters, a signal proof of the immemorial perfidy of Albion.

Charles, when he turned his thoughts from the land to the sea, found but little comfort. The Turk was then the terror of Europe; his cannon thundered at the walls of Vienna, while his fleets insulted the ports of Spain; the civilization of the West trembled in the balance;—and the alliance of the Most Christian King, nay, of the Supreme Successor of St. Peter himself, with the infidel, in order to injure the ever Catholic House of Austria, seemed to the orthodox head of that house scarcely less revolting than one with his Satanic Majesty. The Mediterranean had long run a real risk of being made a Turkish lake; Charles, however, no sooner caught the truth of the case than, adopting the boldest and best policy, he assumed the initiative, and, deaf to the peaceful professions of his one fixed and implacable foe, anticipated aggression, landed in Algeria, and captured and held Oran—a base of operations. He in his time had steadily upheld the navy, and encouraged the spirit which afterwards at Lepanto—the Trafalgar of the day—proved that turning seas into lakes is easier said than done; but now he was only watching things through the "loophole of retreat"—and it struck to his inner heart's core to hear that, at the very moment when the infidel was again silently but determinately preparing, a slumbering and folding of arms had come over the Spanish cabinet. In

vain he wrote, "If Oran be lost, I hope I shall be in some place where I shall not hear of so great an affront to the king and to these realms." His warning voice was neglected, and, ere a year had passed, the Spanish garrison was cut to pieces; but Charles went to his grave unconscious of that calamity, which none dared to reveal to him. This was well—and so is it that our own Great Duke has gone to his last home "in honor as he lived," and has been spared all chances of witnessing that which, years ago, had his Cassandra words been listened to, would have been rendered impossible.

The glorious field of St. Quentin, which, but for Philip's timidity, might have proved a Waterloo instead of an Oudenarde, brightened Charles with but a passing gleam. He had for weeks been counting the days when his son would be at the gates of Paris, and he so deeply felt the lame and impotent conclusion, and especially the favorable terms granted to the Court of Rome, that his health broke down, and he took to his bed. Charles, the Catholic king, who, like our own bold Protestant Bess, feared no Pope, had on this occasion counselled the course he himself formerly pursued, and gladly would have seen the turbulent Paul IV. a captive in St. Angelo, or skulking out like Clement VII., disguised as a servant—much as we have beheld the liberal Pio Nono fly from his flock—the *Servus Servorum Dei* in a Bavarian footman's livery; but Philip, craven and superstitious, dealt gently with the wicked old man, who, having set the world in flames, was now ready to sacrifice France, too much his friend, to close a dirty nepotist bargain with long hostile Spain.

Charles, however, was never one jot the less eager to uphold the papal system. A Catholic not merely from policy and position, but sincere conviction, he felt that the moment was most critical. In 1558 the Church of Rome was indeed in extreme danger even in her strongest hold—in Spain—where it could no longer then be concealed that the seeds of the Reformation had taken root. Once alarmed, and armed with power, the priesthood were too wise in their generation to trifle with a foe so deadly: she of the seven hills knows no mercy for dissent—all tolerance, indeed, she has over and over proclaimed to be but the mask of indifference;—she adopts no sprinkling of dust, no rose-water process; her one maxim and, unless under irresistible pressure, her one practice is ever "*quod ferro non curatur igne sanatur*." Accordingly, the infant Hercules was strangled in the cradle by the gripe of the inquisitor; and the Vatican can fairly boast that the Reformation in the Peninsula was nipped in the bud and annihilated at once. It must be remembered that the general temper of Spain was peculiarly favorable to such a result; the bulk of the nation itself was fanatic—a long life-and-death war waged on their own soil against the infidel, for hearth and altar, had coupled creed with country and heresy with enemy. The Inquisition, a double-edged engine, originally armed by the bigotry and avarice of the Spaniards against the Moor or Jew, was destined by divine justice to recoil ultimately on its abettors, and to sink a land once at the head of European civilization into an obscurantism and "backwardation" paralleled only by the states of Rome, Naples, Tuscany, and John of Tuam.

Mr. Stirling, in his eighth chapter, fully confirms the accuracy of Dr. Mc'Crie's History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in

Spain. The Holy Tribunal scarcely found a warmer friend in the cold-blooded Philip than in the once moderate Fray Carlos; and certainly no so-called historian ever countenanced anything more absurd than the theory that the emperor was himself tainted with Protestantism. "Father," said he to the Prior of Yuste, as soon as he heard of the *black business*, "if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. I have written to the Inquisition, to burn them all; for not one of them will ever become a true Catholic, or worthy to live." He urged his son to cut the root of the evil with all rigor; expressing his regret that he himself had not put Luther to death when in his power at the Diet of Worms; so much had age and the priest got the better of that soldier and gentleman, who blushed to commence his career with the foul church-suggested crime; for he then remembered well how his ancestor Sigismund's fame had been tarnished by sacrificing Huss at Constance, in 1414, in violation of a regular safe-conduct. Temporal considerations, occasionally, it must be confessed, induced Charles to play a double game, and fight with his own weapons his rival Francis I., who, while burning Protestants at Paris, supported them in Germany, because hostile to the emperor. Our hero, no doubt, when young in mind and body, held it lawful in the game of politics to use Pope and Lutheran for his own purposes, and offended both parties, who were seriously in earnest, and had thrown away the scabbard, by his *Interims* and other conciliatory *juste milieu* measures. Nevertheless all his personal instincts, first and last, as well as his hereditary interests, were opposed to the Reformation. The cry of the *Comuneros* at Salamanca, which met his ear as he mounted the throne of Castile—"Thou shalt have no Pope or King but Valloria!"—was echoed in after-life in the Union of Smalkalde, which pitted the Protestant princes against his imperial prerogatives and pretensions; and, in truth, the boundaries between religious and civil liberty, reformation and reform, are fine and delicate. At the present crisis, Charles, it is said, heard with surprise, and, not without appearances of some sorrow, that many of his own former preachers were tainted with the heresy plague, and carried to the hospitals of the Inquisition; but, sorrowing or not sorrowing, he entertained no plea for mercy. Even Mathisio, his favored physician, was forced to burn his translated Bible—then, as now, the foremost prohibited book in the *Liber Expurgatorius* of Rome.

These accumulated anxieties, however, hastened that utter break-up of his constitution which the medical man had long anticipated from his imprudent diet; and early in August symptoms appeared which the patient himself could not mistake. His thoughts naturally turned more than ever to religion and its rites. Long accustomed to recelebrate, with his personal attendance, the obsequies of his departed kinsfolk on the anniversaries of their *obits*, he now determined to rehearse his own funeral. This incident—one of the disputed points in his history—has been very carefully sifted by Mr. Stirling:—

Gonzalez (says he) treats the story as an idle tale; he laments the credulity displayed even in the sober statement of Sigüenza, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson, of whose account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily

been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. "The emperor was bent," says the historian, "on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal and merit the favor of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the 21st of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days."

Sigüenza's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which, at a certain point of the ceremonial, he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagancies far greater than the act which Sigüenza has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a misstatement.

To continue the true story—Charles, when the solemn scene was over, felt much relieved in mind, and sat musing all that afternoon and the next in his open alcove; there he caused the portrait of his gentle Isabel to be brought, and, looking a long and last farewell to the loved partner of his youth, bade also his real adieu to the world. He was roused from his protracted reverie by his physician—felt chilled and fevered, "and from

that pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from whence he was to rise no more." So soon were the anticipated rites realized; his illness lasted about three weeks; the daily bulletins transmitted to Valladolid by his physicians still exist, minute as those preserved by Arrian of the death-struggle of Alexander the Great.* In full possession of his intellect, Charles exhibited throughout the courage of the soldier, the dignity of the Prince, and the resignation of a Christian. He duly executed codicils for the future provision of his faithful followers, took the Sacrament frequently, and after receiving extreme unction, insisted on communicating once again, observing to those who said it was not, under such circumstances, necessary, "that may be, but it is good company on so long a journey." His peaceful death formed a striking contrast to that of his rival Francis I., a victim of the only trophy retained by France of her foul possession of Naples. The emperor's end was that of the just; a euthanasia devoutly to be wished for. No perilous stuff weighed heavy on his soul; no exorcisms were needed to beat away the busy fiend from the pillow of one who closed his eyes amidst

all that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

The closing scene is thus told by Mr. Stirling:—

Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles, meanwhile, lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for *William*. Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the emperor leaned upon him heavily, and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop of Toledo, who was standing in the shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur!*—My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favorite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Montserrat; the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship,

* He of Macedon too became fevered after imprudent indulgences at table, and throughout his last illness attended the daily sacrifices most devoutly.—*τὸν θένον ἐν τῇ μυστήριος*. The progress of his case is detailed in the royal diaries. He, unlike our Caesar, had no physician—and it was deliberated whether he should be carried to the temple of Serapis, that the god might cure him *brevi manu*.—(Arrian, vii. 25.)

which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to call, "*Ya voy, Señor—Now, Lord, I go!*" As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and expired.

The corpse was left at Yuste until 1574, when it was transferred to the Escorial, then sufficiently advanced to become the palace, the monastery, and the mausoleum of Spanish royalty. It was laid in the plain vault erected by Philip II. When the gorgeous Pantheon, "a tomb for which e'en kings would wish to die," was completed in 1674 by Philip IV., the imperial remains were removed finally to their present place of rest.

As the body was deposited in the marble sarcophagus, the coverings were removed, to enable Philip to come face to face with his great ancestor; the corpse was found to be quite entire; and even some sprigs of sweet thyme folded in the winding-sheet retained, as the friars averred, all their vernal fragrance after the lapse of fourscore winters. After looking for some minutes in silence at the pale, dead face of the hero of his line, the king turned to Haro and said, "*Cuerpo honrado* (honored body), Don Luis." "Very honored," replied the minister; words brief indeed, but very pregnant, for the prior of the Escorial has recorded that they comprehended all that a Christian ought to feel on so solemn an occasion.

This Spanish dialogue on the dead certainly contrasts alike with the bland prose of Sir Henry Hallford, when the coffin-lid of Charles I. was raised for the Regent to verify Vandyke, as with the appalling stanza of Lord Byron on that memorable descent into the tomb.

Once again (says Mr. Stirling) the emperor's grave was opened. When Mr. Beckford was at Madrid in 1780, Charles III., as a parting civility, desired to know what favor the fascinating and accomplished Englishman would accept at his hands. The author of *Vathek* asked leave to see the face of Charles V., that he might judge of the fidelity of the portraits by Titian; the marble sarcophagus being moved from its niche, and the lid raised, the lights of the Pantheon once more gleamed on the features of the pale emperor.

Mr. Stirling adds that,

for this curious anecdote he is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton. Mr. Beckford had left unfortunately no note or memorandum of the fact, and therefore the date and the names of the other witnesses of this singular spectacle cannot now be recovered.

We would willingly class this revolting story among the many gloomy poetical visions of its narrator—surely the royal family of Spain must have a similar feeling—and as after all the precise week and day of the incident, if a real one, can hardly escape a sharp investigation on the spot, we shall expect, with curiosity, the disinterment, or otherwise, of supporting evidence.

From the day when the body quitted Yuste, the convent and palace were neglected alike by the kings and people of Spain. Left to the gentle

keeping of a climate more conservative than man, all might to this day have remained in excellent preservation; but in 1809, a party of Soult's soldiers, flying from Oporto and irritated by disgrace, set their mark on these beautiful districts. They clambered up the hill, pillaged and then fired the convent; the royal wing only escaped, from the thickness of the walls of the intervening chapel. Under the reign of the constitution, in 1820, such restorations as the brotherhood had been able to effect were unmercifully dealt with by the Liberals. Their ravages were again partially made good when the monks returned, on Ferdinand VII.'s recovery of power; but his death was soon followed by the total suppression of the monastic system; like the rest of their class, the beadsmen of St. Jerôme were ejected—the whole edifice speedily fell into irremediable ruin—and chaos is come again. But we cannot better conclude our summary of this thoughtful and graceful work than with the author's melancholy sketch of Yuste as inspected by himself in 1849:—

It was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story; the richly-carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong, granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul and the wintry storms of the Sierra, was a hollow shell—the classical decorations of the altars and quaint wood-work of the choir having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Cuacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls; and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the coloring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin, of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoons in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation; yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings.

MORMON EMIGRATION.—The Mecklenburg post steamer *Obotritt* has conveyed from Copenhagen to Kiel a body of about 300 Mormons, including women and children. With the exception of a few Norwegians, the whole are Danes. They will be conveyed from Hamburg to Hull, and thence to Liverpool, where they will embark for New Orleans, to join their brethren in the distant settlements. The greater part of the elders possess some capital, and all are respectable.

From the Economist.

The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal.
By CHARLES BARTER, Esq. William S. Orr and
Co., Amen corner.

This is the work of a gentleman, who, after exploring most part of the colony of Natal, and seen it, perhaps, under its least favorable aspects, has returned thither to remain for some years, perhaps for life. In the six months he roamed continually through the colony, and visited all its outlying parts and the "Sovereignty," as well as the towns of D'Urban and Maritzburg; fell in with all kinds of queer company—Dutch Boers, disbanded soldiers, runaway sailors, gentlemen keeping roadside inns, Kafirs, Hottentots, bushmen, pedlars, merchants, farmers with and farmers without farms, gentlemen in search of locations, great and little merchants; and was exposed to all kinds of adventures—losing his way, almost drowned in fording streams, hunting lions, jumbled in a wagon, or fatigued to death by long rides and very short commons, &c. From these materials he has made a pleasant book, supplying us with much information of the manners of the Boers and the natives and the settlers, and giving us enduring pictures of the scenery of that part of South Africa. The writer is an old and extensive traveller, and narrates numerous anecdotes and adventures well. From his descriptions, however, Natal, as a place for emigrants—though his practice in returning seems almost at variance with his preaching—will fall much in public estimation. It is very difficult of access, not only on account of the distance but of the difficulties of landing; it has many natural plagues, such as boils and "ticks," and some artificial plagues, amongst which custom-houses and land surveyors ought not to be omitted. In all our colonies the same evil is distinctly visible, that of fastening on a little community, which has all the natural difficulties of a first settlement to overcome, all the artificial difficulties of an old and established society, which, in many cases, are found great enough to arrest its course. From the first settlements of America to the attempt to establish New Canterbury, in New Zealand—one of the latest colonization schemes carried out by a kind of government organization—squatters and individuals have succeeded, and have become the nuclei of great and flourishing communities, and considerable bodies sent out to the wilderness, complete in all things, even to a bell for the church steeple, and under some large and regular government plan, have been failures. The Spanish colonies, as contrasted with the English colonies in America, are the proof on a great scale; and the success of the squatters in New Zealand, in contrast to the failure of almost every large plan to colonize there, are the individual proofs. Men go to the wilderness to escape the difficulties of a stationary condition of society, the result often of too much government or of misgovernment; and to follow them into the wilderness with similar difficulties, or to impose them on the colonists at starting, is to contravene the very principle on which they proceed, and counteract its effects. Mr. Barter's book supplies many examples of individual success, while the establishment at D'Urban seems involved in many difficulties. Union and coöperation, dictated by circumstances, are necessary; but the union and coöperation planned for the colonists of South Africa or New Zealand in London, by gentlemen who have, perhaps, never

been out of England, and certainly not out of Europe, are unnecessary, and stand in the way of the union and coöperation which circumstances require. The following extract will convey some information, and give an idea of Mr. Barter's book:—

LIFE IN NATAL.

Those who wish to see life in a colony, in its most genuine, though not, perhaps, its most attractive form, cannot choose a better field for their observation than the wayside inn. With the reader's permission we will take a peep at one of them, having first divested ourselves, as much as possible, of every notion of such a place which our European experience may suggest.

An hour's short canter out of the town brings us in sight of a neat little white house, standing prettily among straggling thickets of mimosa, on a rising swell above the *spruit*, whose rapid and dangerous rise I have mentioned in an early chapter. This is the residence of Mr. L—, the landlord at Uys' Doorns, to whom we are going to pay a visit. As we draw near, we can detect a Kafir hut within a few yards of the house. This is the inn. Let us ride up and dismount—cautiously, though, for the ground is strewn with empty beer bottles, mostly with broken necks, having been opened by a stroke with the back of a knife, an equally effectual and more expeditious method than the legitimate cork-screw.

We are surprised to find in the landlord, who comes out to receive us, in his shirt-sleeves, probably without shoes or stockings, a distinguished-looking person, evidently a gentleman by birth and education, and we are almost ashamed to allow him to take our horses. This, however, is one of the anomalies that meet the colonial observer at every turn, and it admits of easy explanation. The gentleman emigrant seldom comes out with any definite plan of action. He has no trade or business to which he can betake himself, as a matter of course, on his arrival; he has been accustomed rather to spend money than to earn it, and his expectations are more frequently based on a vague idea of getting on somehow or other, and a general confidence in his own abilities, than on sober, well-weighed calculations. Ignorant of farming, disgusted with a solitary life, unfit for commerce, he fritters away his time and his means, and is soon a disappointed man. Too many give way under this pressure, and, falling into idleness, dissipation, and low company, become inevitably ruined. But with men of energetic character, it is often the turning point of their career. Ashamed to return home with a confession of failure, and seeing no alternative in the colony but labor or ruin, they throw pride and prejudice aside, and set to work manfully and in earnest. Little do mothers or sisters in England dream how their emigrant sons or brothers are employed, or what hardships they are undergoing, rather than disappoint the fond hopes which have been entertained on their behalf.

With such men as these, the wayside inn is a favorite resource.

After some description of the company of these inns, the writer proceeds:—

But by far the most exacting visitor is the newly-arrived emigrant. L— told me of one of those who arrived at his place in the evening, and, on dismounting, walked naturally enough towards the house.

"This way, if you please," cried L—, pointing to the hut, "that is where my family live."

"So," said the stranger, "you keep that house for your own family, and this—hut for your customers?"

"Exactly so; my wife and children live in that little house, and my guests here."

"Well," exclaimed the newly-arrived, as his eyes slowly wandered from clay floor to stick ceiling

"Well! I have travelled in India, in Australia, and America, and I never slept in a more wretched place than this."

This was rather too much. "So," said L—, "you have travelled in all these countries and never slept in a worse place than this hut?"

"No, never," (emphatically).

"Then you shall have an opportunity of doing so to-night. Now go out and sleep in the *Veldt*!"

"And if a night under a thorn tree, in a drizzling rain," concluded L—, "did not teach him the value of a good bed in a Kafir hut, he must require a pretty severe lesson, and will have to buy his experience at a high price."

These inns are only to be met with on the main roads. The traveller along by-paths must betake himself to the nearest farm-house, where shelter for the night will never be refused; though, if the owner be a Dutchman, the reception will probably be neither warm nor encouraging. Among their own people, the Boers exercise a rude and cumbrous hospitality, attended with a whole host of peculiar ceremonies, one of the most remarkable of which is the practice of firing off guns on the arrival or departure of their guests; but even these friendly visits are generally limited to a very short period, and the old Canadian rule is rarely infringed, "Not to stay till the rye loaf is laid on the table."

But to an Englishman hospitality is accorded solely as an unpleasant duty, from which there is no escape; and no pains is taken to conceal from him that he is anything but a welcome guest. Indeed, I have myself been frequently told as much, though not, I must confess, till after I had been regaled with a hearty sapper, and had won the confidence of my entertainer, by listening to his catalogue of grievances, and taking in good part his tirades against the government; indeed, for my own part, I have never had to complain of scant courtesy, and have always found the surly manner thaw after a few good-humored answers, especially if I could throw in a joke, however poor the attempt. Once make a Dutchman laugh with you, and he is won. There are several rules, however, which the traveller will do well to observe on his arrival at a Dutch farm, if he wishes to make a favorable impression on his host, and, consequently, on all the Dutch in the colony. In the first place, he must never approach the house otherwise than at a slow and quiet pace. Secondly, when asking for hospitality, he must never dismount till it is granted, and the Boer tells him to "off-saddle." Thirdly, he must shake hands with the whole family, down to the urohin of four years old. He must not offer any remuneration, unless it be for forage for his horse, as it would be deemed an insult. He must start as early as possible next morning, and on no account prolong his stay beyond the time absolutely necessary for the rest of himself and his nag. He must never pass his entertainer again without shaking him by the hand; and, as a general rule, he must be very cautious lest in common conversation he may let a word drop which may be construed against the Dutch, singly or collectively—for a bird of the air will carry it, and a hasty word may cost him many a night in the *Veldt*, and many a refusal of assistance when most he may need it. A friend of mine, who was tempted, in the heat of argument, to use a sarcastic expression, with reference to the Boers, became from that moment a marked man among them; and a Yorkshire farmer, whose letter, containing an exaggerated picture of Dutch manners and customs, intended, probably, for the amusement of his friends, was indiscreetly published in the papers, roused their indignation to such a pitch, that, had Africa been a land of bowie-knives, I would not have given much for his personal safety. The Dutch, indeed, are quite as susceptible on this point as the Yankees. "They must be cracked up, or they rile." But their bark is worse than their bite,

and they have more of the milk of human kindness about them than their talk would lead a stranger to infer. A remarkable instance of this is said to have occurred at Boem Plants. An officer of the Cape Corps, being wounded and unhorsed, was left to the rebels, who were about to despatch him, when he cried out, "*Moet ne schiet ne. Vrouw en kinder?*" "Don't shoot—wife and children." They could not resist this appeal to their home sympathies, and actually lowered their pieces and suffered their enemy to escape. Such an incident, occurring in the heat of a desperate skirmish, is rare in the annals of civilized warfare, and is highly honorable to a rude and uncultivated people, ranking under the sense of injury, whether real or supposed, and inflamed by the artful misrepresentations of a clever and unprincipled leader.

From this specimen the reader will see that this is an agreeable book, while it treats of subjects such as colonization and new homes for our people, which are just now of intense interest.

From Tait's Magazine.

A Four Months' Tour in the East. By J. R. ANDREWS, Esq. Dublin: J. M'Glashan. London: Orr and Co. 1853.

MR. ANDREWS is quite an original traveller in his way. He wanders through Egypt, the Desert, Jerusalem, the shores of the Dead Sea, and the plains of Syria, in the spirit of an auctioneer's porter drawing up a catalogue. He omits nothing, but he sees everything with the eyes that are in his head, and through a plain matter-of-fact medium, uninfluenced by poetry or sentiment, religion or antiquity. He puts down all things in his journal at what they are worth at the present moment, and nothing more, and has no notion of valuing things by associations which in themselves are worth little. With him the catacombs at Alexandria and Cleopatra's bath are "not worth the trouble of a visit" the Pyramids are "not equal to expectation," and disappoint him to an extent which he had never felt before—the mosques are shabby, the island of Elephantia is a stupid place, and not worth the plague of getting to it, &c., &c. He warns his readers, if they wish to preserve their reverence for the Holy Land, not to set foot in Jerusalem, and denounces Palestine, as a "mockery, a snare, and a delusion," declaring his conviction that the whole country "is one of great disappointment in every point of view." He is at Jerusalem during the annual concourse of pilgrims, whose religious fervor, however, he does not participate in—and at the grotto of the Nativity, says he, "the attendant made a sign for me to kneel down and kiss the pavement, but I declined." In a word, he is not to be *done* into enthusiasm of any kind, but prefers his own opinion, and publishes it too, in spite of Lamartine and all his followers. There is something *naïve* in this mode of writing on the East; and Mr. Andrews' book may be admired as a sort of *lusus nature*, and quoted as an example to writers whose imagination carries them beyond the limits of veracity. The following extract is worth reading:—

Our Church Missionary Society has had a station in Cairo for several years, but they have never yet made a single convert from the Mahomedan faith. The reply of an enlightened Mahomedan (?) to a missionary is characteristic of the race of Moslems: "Your religion," said he, "gives me three Gods and one wife; mine gives me three wives and one God; I prefer my own."

From the Examiner.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

WE have, it seems, wronged the Fire Annihilator by resembling Mr. D'Israeli's budget to it, and treating it as a thing, like that notable scheme, the effect of which was the very opposite of the intention. What, however, were the facts? A few weeks ago the Fire Annihilator factory was destroyed by fire; pretty much as Mr. D'Israeli's plan to please everybody was destroyed by pleasing nobody. And shortly afterwards appeared a statement that the Severn West India steamer had a narrow escape from destruction by fire from the spontaneous combustion of one of two Fire Annihilators with which the vessel was provided for its better safety. These circumstances certainly induced us to imagine that if the Thames could be set on fire, the Annihilator was the contrivance for the purpose.

We learn, however, from an inquiry into the composition of the Annihilator, and into the facts referred to, that the invention is not to be so hastily judged and condemned. The charge, it appears, is not a composition susceptible of spontaneous combustion, but only the igniter, or priming, as it were. And as for the burning of the premises at Battersea, there were no Annihilators in the building; a fact, upon which it must be remarked that it is strange the company did not take the precaution of providing their own premises with the safeguard against fire, which they recommend the public to adopt. But so it is, as the homely proverb says, that "the shoemaker's wife goes the worst shod." As for the fire on board the Severn, it seems that one of the Annihilators was, by some means unknown, discharged; that it caused considerable alarm, but did no mischief beyond blistering some paint and blackening a beam. The account in the newspapers was, therefore, a great exaggeration.

On the other hand, does not Mr. Lewis Thompson, the chemist, assert too much when he avers that the discharge of the Annihilator "could not even exhibit the appearance of fire, and that the accident on board the Severn cannot be associated with any idea of fire." Certainly the officers appear to have associated it very closely with the idea of fire in their entry in the log, recording that the "ignited composition" was allowed to "burn out." The admitted blistering of the paint too, is evidence of something more than the fanciful idea of fire.

And what say Mr. Braithwaite, the civil engineer, and Mr. Watt, the chemist? Do they hold the risk of fire to be utterly impossible? No, they advise precautions against the discharge of the instrument by any accident or imprudence.

The only alteration we suggest at present, with a view to prevent the possibility of an accidental discharge of the machine by any violent jar or concussion, is, so to arrange the Igniter that it shall never be in contact with the combustible material until necessary to be ignited. We further advise that in all cases the Iron Pin be withdrawn and tied to the handle of the machine; and on board vessels, or in other positions where the Annihilator may be subjected to concussion of any kind, that not only the Iron Pin but the Igniter Bottle be withdrawn and the same placed in the Igniter Case.

The iron pin, it is to be observed, discharges the instrument, as a percussion cap discharges a gun.

We cannot escape from comparisons between

this Fire Annihilator and the D'Israeli budget. No sooner do we drop one as inapplicable than we fall into another. What heightened the disappointment and dissatisfaction with the financial scheme was the mighty promise about it, that it was to do what never yet has been done, benefit and content everybody. Now pleasing every one is about as much beyond human power as annihilating anything in nature, the pretension to which impossibility is a prejudice to this invention of Mr. Phillips.

Could a better name of the thing have been devised than the simple explanation of it which we find in the company's report, "The Fire Annihilator is, in fact, a Steam Fire Engine!"

See what there is in a name! The idea of the Fire Annihilator destroyed by fire was certainly most unfortunate in effect; but if it had been called the "Steam Fire Engine," the destruction of the factory by fire would have seemed no more ridiculous than the destruction by fire of any manufactory of the common fire engines, which, though serviceable against fire when complete, charged, and worked, are as consumable in the shape of dry wood as any other similar substance.

The Steam Fire Engine may be likened to a gun loaded with water instead of ball, which sends forth a discharge of steam. The invention is very ingenious, but we should like to see less boasts of it, and more evidences of its success in practice, not experimentally, but in actual cases of fire. Any contribution to safety against the danger of fire is a service to society, which we should be the last to disparage or prejudice; and therefore it is that we have said so much on an invention which may have been wronged by a few light words, not intended for serious acceptance.

CAN INSECTS TALK.—A striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to all the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee had been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained; but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as those above narrated, information, and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, cannot be doubted—but by what means? All that has been ascertained upon this point is, that the ants and the bees cross their antennæ in a peculiar manner with the antennæ of the others that they encounter, and this action being repeated again and again, seems to be a mode of communicating intelligence common amongst the insect races.—*Rymer Jones' Natural History of Animals.*

From the Spectator.

GOLD-DEPOSITS IN EUROPE: IRRIGATION AND RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

1 Adam Street, Adelphi, 15th January, 1853.

SIR—The knowledge that gold exists in greater quantities than was formerly supposed, bids fair to work greater changes in the condition of humanity than any political changes. Circumstances appear to have brought it to light just at the right period to relieve England from over-population, and to increase the deficient population of her colonies. But the probability that gold exists in the world in as great profusion as most other metals, does not seem yet to have occurred to the general mind; still less does it seem to have occurred that there is as large a proportion of gold probably in Europe as in America, if we knew how to get at it, and that a time may come when it will produce as great changes here as at the Antipodes.

So far as our knowledge goes, gold only exists in nature in the metallic state. It is also one of the heaviest of metals. Consequently it could not rise from the great world-furnace which the igneous theory supposes to have existed, or to exist, and float to the surface like the lighter bodies formed by the chemical combination of metals with other materials. In its molten state it would sink to the bottom of the furnace, precisely as iron does in the fluid state while the slag floats on the surface. If the world cooled down in this state, it is clear that no gold could have been accessible to man. But if, while in a state of fusion, explosions were to take place, the molten metal would be squeezed up into the slag, or glass, and would be moulded into cavities, or thrown forth in flakes of greater or less size. It might thus exist in mountain ridges as they cooled on the surface, and from thence it might be washed down into alluvial basins, when broken up by the action of frost or other natural processes. In washing down by the action of water in great torrents, it is clear that the largest fragments would be the lowest, just as the largest stones are found in the lowest parts of the beds of rivers. The practical fact is, that the finest particles of gold-dust are found in the sands of rivers; that it is found infinitesimally disseminated in the veins of natural glass (quartz rock); that it is found in lumps of greater or less size, and in flakes or spangles, in alluvial soil, all indicating a process analogous to that which would be produced by the explosion of a furnace.

We may therefore fairly reason, that whenever gold-dust has been at any time found in the sands of rivers, gold in masses will be found at greater depths in the beds of those rivers, or in the localities whence the rivers have their source.

Now the rivers of Spain and Portugal were in the olden time called "golden"—as the "golden Tagus," the "golden Darro," and so on; and gold has been gathered from their sands. If any process shall cause these streams to leave their beds, great mineral wealth will probably be laid open, if indeed we can call gold wealth, which is a mere stimulus to the production of wealth.

If this wealth be laid open, the population of the Peninsula will be largely increased by an aggregation of industrious people from all Europe, that will cause the loss of Cuba to be forgotten, and will raise Spain to a position of greater riches than she

possessed when the undisputed owner of American mines, unless the jealousy of a despotic government altogether prohibits the entry of foreigners. In such case, a rapid growth of disputes among the community is not unlikely to engender a state of things analogous to that of Mexico, and we may yet live to see Spain overrun by dominant races in Europe as in America. The French would certainly endeavor to prove Spain to be a veritable "Africa beyond the Pyrenees" and the Northern border of the Great "Salt Lake of France." They would certainly succeed, not in making Spain a colony of France, but in assimilating Spain to the rest of Europe, concentrating thereon a crossed and strengthened race fitted to do more than guerilla battle for their national rights, by a mass of strong people gathered from all nations.

It will be argued, that if this gold existed it ought long ago to have been discovered. The answer to this is—that the Spanish race held California for three hundred years, and, knowing that gold existed there, did not seek to possess it, simply from lack of competitive energy; that a Swiss named Sutter employed certain Anglo-Saxons possessing energy, who did cut a mill-race by the side of a river, in so doing found the gold, and set the example to others, Spaniards and many other nations inclusive.

There is a process now at work in Spain that will probably bring many minerals to light—the process of making railways. There is another process that must be resorted to to make railways pay—the process of increasing the amount of cultivable land. In Spain, level land irrigated is worth fivefold land not irrigated. The essential for cultivation purposes in the greater part of Spain is water; yet from the many rivers in Spain the greater part of the water runs to waste and is lost in the ocean, and what irrigation is practised is of a costly and wasteful kind. It is simply taking the water at its high level at the hills and running it in artificial channels, and distributing it by a series of gradually diminishing channels over the slopes and levels. This, as exemplified in the vegas or valley plains of Grenada and Valencia, is the system the Moors introduced; and the same thing may be seen in the valleys of Peru and Chile, the apparently instinctive plan of the aborigines there, as in other warm countries. It is, in fact, a very rude process. About one third of the water taken from the source is lost by evaporation, another third sinks into the earthen channels where it is not wanted, and not above a third reaches the land where it is wanted. Then, again, the growth of weeds in the channels, the incessant work required to keep them clear, the difficulty of maintaining their banks and levels, and their exposure to destruction by casualties of all kinds, are very serious drawbacks on the total gain. In looking over the exquisite vega of Valencia, gushing with the luxuriant beauty of vegetation of all kinds, we forget the cost at which it is attained, till painfully reminded of it by a strife for water amongst the peasantry of the drooping and withering garden which assumes the character of a rebellion, to be quenched in blood by an armed soldiery.

Beholding the treeless plains of Spain with hardly an inducement for a cloud to alight, we are disposed to wonder how water gets there at all. We also wonder why trees are not cultivated to encourage the water, and why people are so reck-

From the Spectator, 22d Jan.

HANG OR NOT HANG?

lessly destroying the few remaining forests which supply the existing streams; a process which elsewhere has changed the bed of the Rhône from a river navigable all the year, to that of a mountain torrent swollen by occasional avalanches from the unprotected snow, that from time to time floods the suburbs of Lyons, and melts away the buildings of unburned bricks as though they were structures of baked sugar.

The cheapest of all modes of irrigation is that of under-ground pipes, precisely as water is supplied to towns. The difference between the under-ground and open-air system may be thus stated. First, the open-air plan requires exact levels or nearly so; the under-ground system will allow the use of the natural surface, and thus bridges, aqueducts, culverts, and other work, may be dispensed with. Secondly, the open-air plan engenders stoppages and repairs of great amount; the under-ground plan is guarded from damage. Thirdly, the open-air plan involves great evaporation; the underground plan prevents all evaporation.

If, in the construction of the railways of Spain, the waters near the route can be conducted along the course of the lines, the means will exist, not merely for watering the line—a most important element in economy of maintenance, preventing the disintegrating of ballast and sleepers, destruction of machinery and annoyance to passengers, and damage to goods—but also for irrigating the borders, and converting them into gardens and farms of more or less extent; thus securing a population and traffic independent of external circumstances. In a country like Spain, a high level supply of water may almost always be obtained without resorting to lifting machinery.

These several railways amongst others are about to be made in the south of Spain—one from Cadiz to Jerez, another from Jerez to Seville, and the third from Seville to Cordova; being in fact a continuous line by different companies. The greater part runs along the valley of the Guadalquivir; a miniature Mississippi, abounding in rich land, great portions of it only used as wild pasture land, and all capable of being converted into a garden of unrivalled richness, were the almost useless river abstracted from its bed to irrigate the surface during the dry season, instead of suffering it to run into the Atlantic, performing no service save bringing a small steamer from Cadiz to Seville some three times per week.

If the English capitalists who embark in these lines would insure their interest, they must not neglect this question of the water supply which would rapidly colonize their territory, and make it a desirable winter abode for the many wealthy persons seeking to escape from an English winter.

It is the process of making railways, and changing the courses of the rivers for the purposes of irrigation, that will most probably open up deposits of gold and other mineral wealth, changing for a time the course of European emigration till it has filled up the vacancies of the Peninsula; perhaps commercially converting Spain and Portugal into a part of England, or an intermediate portion of a great English federation, joining hands across the Atlantic even unto Australia and Southern Africa—a belt of free nations to be unbroken through all future time, the police of the ocean, and the land barriers against despotism.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

A FEW very ugly cases of murder have been before the public lately; the criminals have been tried, convicted, and hanged; and the indiscriminate efforts of the humanitarians have rather damaged the element view of such matters by the infelicitous turn of the particular cases. Horler, who murdered his wife in a fit of perverted conjugal excitement, which often turns to murderous furor, died confessing that he looked forward to a sentence of transportation, with a life of Australian prosperity in the distance. Barbour, who murdered a friend for his money, persisted in asserting his innocence until the immediate approach of certain doom, and then falsified all the tales on which a reprieve had been obtained. The cases are very unlucky for the philanthropic interest; and some impartial publicists are now enjoying a fling on the side of capital punishment.

It is natural that discussion should thus oscillate from side to side, with the impulse of the latest partial evidence; but let us remember that truth does not oscillate in the same way. The essentials of correctional punishment still remain the same. If in regard to capital punishment "much may be said on both sides of the question," it only proves that "both sides" do not state their several cases broadly enough. The philanthropists take so narrow a view that they refuse to admit the unquestionable effect of capital punishment as a deterrent; while they might very fairly argue that it is most effective over a certain class of minds only, or in cases where moral antagonism is not provoked by the *inverse* action of a terrible threat. The dread of being shot may keep a soldier awake at his post, but the prospect of death sometimes acts as an incentive to a man laboring under a despairing passion. Clemency overcomes certain minds, but is wasted on others. On the other hand, we are to remember that while the *law* is death, clemency is attained only at the expense of rendering the law *uncertain* in its execution; a grievous abatement of its influence over rude minds.

It is not by these fragmentary discussions that we get at the truth. Broad facts remain unaffected by them. The broad fact that the whole condition of Tuscany under the full operation of the Leopoldine laws rendered murder *very* rare, without punishment of death, is not to be upset by the drivelling confessions of an imbecile criminal like Horler. Neither does the Tuscan fact justify any of the new-fangled plans for pampering criminals with pastry and prayers. That law only will be sound in its working over numbers which is sound in its principles and consistent in its working. Criminals are criminals, and should feel the consequences of their own conduct at least as much as society whom they have injured. The criminal law ought *not* to be the purgatory only in the path to a special heaven unopened to ordinary sinners; but it ought to be a stern rule. *Certainty* is its first essential. Just adaptation to motives is its second; and no principle more rational or more successful in its working has been expounded, than that to which Captain Maconochie has devoted himself, though it rests also on other authority—penal industry; a scourge to the idle, a doom to the incorrigible, an atoning discipline for the redeemable. At all events, eternal questions like these are not to be settled, or unsettled, by special cases, or the casual turn of public impressions.

From the *Athenæum*.

History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. Second Series. Embracing the Events of 1814 and 1815. By CHARLES J. INGERSOLL. 2 vols. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.

This is by no means an ordinary book. It is written in a truly American spirit—and may on that account be recommended to all who are desirous of understanding the peculiar views of eminent American politicians—of whom the author is one—on subjects of political import. Besides this, it contains a great quantity of historical information likely to prove interesting on both sides of the Atlantic. The author is a man of decision and ability; and the opinions which he propounds, and his manner of propounding them, strike with an air of rough originality, according well with what we know of the political sentiments now prevailing in the United States, but not usually exemplified in the literary productions that reach us from that quarter. A new spirit, essentially American, has, as we have more than once observed, been latterly creeping into works issued from the American press; and though the present work, desultory and uncouth in form as it is, can hardly take a place among the American classics, it yet indicates the direction in which the American mind is moving, and presents, as it were, in the crude ore those feelings and ideas which enter into American nationality, and are in process of being dissolved in a finer essence through American literature.

The work, though professedly a history of the Second War between Great Britain and the United States, might more properly be entitled "An American's views of European politics, and of the mutual relations of Europe and America, *à propos* of the events of 1814-15." Though the author occasionally pursues a continuous narrative, he is constantly branching out into all kinds of discussions; and it is in these discussions that the chief value of the work, at least for European readers, will be found to lie. Indeed, three fourths of the first volume are entirely taken up with what the writer intrudes as what he evidently considers an attractive digression—namely, a dissertation from the American point of view on the character and career of Napoleon, as general, first consul, emperor, and exile. It is to this portion of the work, which ought properly to have been published as an independent essay, that the reader will turn with most relish. In the remaining and more strictly narrative portions, however, there are many passages which will excite attention—none the less, that they are, as we have said, full of an intense national spirit, and therefore likely to provoke controversy on the part of British patriotism.

One of the favorite topics of Mr. Ingersoll is, the naval superiority of America over England. According to his account, the results of the war here discussed, demonstrated that England can no longer claim the title of Queen of the Seas. This view he supports by a detailed account of the exploits of American privateers against the British navy and merchant ships. It was not only as a maritime nation, however, according to Mr. Ingersoll, that America asserted her character in 1814-15. She exhibited at the same time, he maintains, more particularly in the person of General Jackson—for whom Mr. Ingersoll has a

particular regard, and whom he exalts into the character of a truly American hero—her military prowess by land—performing through her volunteers and militia the same feats of superiority over regular British troops which her fast-sailing privateers enacted over British ships of battle. The peculiarity of America as a belligerent power seems to lie, if we may judge from Mr. Ingersoll's representations, in the immense development which she has given, and is still capable of giving, to this system of volunteer warfare both by land and by sea.

Leaving this subject, however—a subject calculated to excite bad blood, especially when brought forward in such a vehement and even braggart spirit as Mr. Ingersoll displays—it is more pleasant to follow the author into his discussions as to the influence exerted by America over Europe during the last fifty years in the realm of "ideas." It is America, he maintains, that has furnished, and is still likely to furnish, those new views and doctrines both as to the government of individual states, and as to international law, which are likely to penetrate the social mind of the world, and describe in their course the great circle of the globe. In the following passage, Mr. Ingersoll suggests a view largely advocated throughout the whole work—namely, that the peculiar activity of France from 1789 was in some measure a consequence of the inoculation of that country with American ideas:—

Such noblemen as Turgot and La Fayette, enlightened by the good sense of universal benevolence, imbued with the spirit even if disowning the divinity of Christian charity, patronized the poor suitors of despised America; by arms and treaties encouraging a forlorn but fortunate insurrection. A wonderful people, as Washington termed the French, the same inconstant race, who are yet exactly as characterized by Cæsar, always changing, still the same, were then whispering to dull kings, and their blind ministers, those marvellous changes of polity which have since shaken the world to its centre. Louis XVI.—who lived like a fool, and did he die like a saint?—was the only man in his kingdom, except Turgot, who loved the people; "for who," asked Voltaire, "loves the people?" With court, cabinet, camarilla, capital and country, all ripe to rottenness, Franklin dealt, and Jefferson succeeded him; both new men from the new world; grave, gay, profound, and captivating apostles of its political discoveries, romantic essays, and progressive philosophy. Entertained by, and entertaining a people of dancers and mathematicians, cooks and chemists, soldiers, and moralists, a plain American printer became the fashion; and getting the vogue, with steady hand and far-seeing glance, steered onward to, not his own alone, but his country's and mankind's improvement. Voltaire, the master workman of the French progress, who would have resisted and probably fallen under, had he lived to see the whirlwind of which he sowed the wind, courted by wits, feared by courts, admired by philosophers, adored by deists, idolized by women, wished to become acquainted with a transatlantic sage, so unlike the French; and stammering a few words of broken English, tried to speak "the language of Franklin." An irresolute and vacillating monarch, surrounded by dissolute courtiers, making epigrams, and anagrams, and futile ministers attempting, by paltry parsimony, to save from revolution a kingdom so little burdened with debt that any efficient economist might have extinguished it, were raw materials of the work, which Franklin helped to begin and Jefferson to finish. Songs, jokes, and riddles, filling the saloons of Paris and Versailles, were the chief occupation of the chief men, while the wary American

commissioner, not received as a foreign minister, retired at the modest village of Passy, adroitly inoculated susceptible France, not with confusion, rebellion, crime and confiscation, but economy, equality, liberty, and peace; beneficence, to be preceded by distressing severities, but developed throughout the population of France in greatly raising the degraded poor, usefully levelling the exalted, and equalizing the property and condition of all. History must declare that Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and others who matriculated in Europe the principles of American government, by fortunate contagion of the personal and trivial impressions always so important in the affairs of mankind, prevailed on the greatest nation of continental Europe, oppressed, impoverished, and weakly governed, to counteract England, not only by arms, but laws, treaties, codes, and systems of economy, all tending to peace, order, and utility.

We will make but one other extract from the more strictly historical part of Mr. Ingersoll's work. It is a passage of much interest, introduced in connexion with an account of the debates in Congress in 1814, on the propriety of accepting an offer of the ex-president Jefferson to sell his library to the government;—an offer which he was induced to make by the state of his finances—and which, as the destruction of the public buildings in Washington had left the government without a library, it was supposed they would gladly accept:—

Jefferson was the president of genius and reform; the only one of our first ten with whom I had no personal acquaintance. In my boyhood, but old enough to consider and remember, I saw Washington; in his coach, going to church, and at other times when drawn by six horses, with several servants in showy liveries; in his graceful and commanding seat on horseback; in a court-dress, small sword, and hair in a bag, delivering his farewell address to Congress; in his drawing-room, with his secretaries, Pickering, Hamilton, and Knox, smoking the pipe of peace with a tribe of Indians, all solemn as he was; and once, as school-fellow and playmate of his wife's grand-son, Mr. Custis, I had the casual honor of dining with him in the grave and nearly taciturn dignity of his family circle, with several servants in attendance, and a secretary, Mr. Dandridge, officiating as carver. General Washington's revolution camp-table chest, presented to Congress on the 18th of April, 1844, as a relic to be preserved, is one of many proofs that he not only loved cheer, but, as governor or manager of men, promoted conviviality as an affair of state and convenience for business. Almost all accounts represent him as grave and stately. But I have known, intimately, ladies who danced with him; have heard companions of his pastime hours describe his enjoyment of not only the pleasures of the table, but songs of merriment, then so common a part of such pleasures. I heard an officer of his military family entertain La Fayette with a recital of some of the oaths which General Washington uttered with passionate outbreak, when disobeyed and disappointed in battle; I have seen his minute, written directions for the liveries of his servants, and concerning the choice and rent of a house; and have been assured, by a gentleman who spent some days with him at Mount Vernon, when no longer on his guard, that the once reserved and solemn statesman chatted freely on all subjects. Chief founder of cheap and simple government, by chary modifications of the mother-country monarchy, Washington's fortune enabled him to dispense with public bounty—to decline pay as a general and a house as president. Jefferson, incurring malediction by reforming a parsimonious republic, lived fourteen years beyond his presidency, without adequate means for unavoidable hospitality,

and left his family in the bondage of debt, deploring the dire necessity of sacrificing his library. The Constitutions, acts of Congress, and custom, open the chief magistrate's mansion to great resort, after as well as during a presidency; and Monticello was a shrine for social and literary, scientific and political votaries. However beautiful, even to sublimity, in theory, is that demonstration of republican virtue, by which a ruler voluntarily retires from executive authority to powerless seclusion, it was practically attempted, in vain, by Jefferson and his presidential disciples, Madison and Monroe. Tumultuary conventicles to select presidential candidates falsify the theory of republican government like impoverished retirement forcing the sale of libraries to pay debts. Endowed with similitude to regal majesty, not only in power, but by a palace to inhabit, richly furnished at public expense, and the incumbent salaried for dignity, to be thence degraded to shifts for livelihood, and insolvent applications to Congress for relief, are vicissitudes more fatal to republican virtue than pensions. A pension-fund for those who "by long and faithful services deserve the gratitude of their country" was soon found indispensable to this; and, during Jefferson's presidency, a permanent pension system was arranged by act of Congress; but, confined to fighting men, essentially un-republican; rewarding warriors alone, encouraging hostilities, and altogether monarchical. Public servants, like Jefferson, who spent life in inculcations of peace and development of prosperity, are left to struggle, pine, and die, in base indigence, while the militant are profusely provided for, and nearly all their kindred. . . . Washington declined the residence proposed for him as president. Modern presidents might imitate that wise reserve. For why should a president inhabit a palace to-day, if liable to dwell in an almshouse to-morrow?—keep a palace of public entertainment as president, and then be reduced to a hermitage? Luxurious and ostentatious living is no part of the presidential function. But not to spend in refined hospitality all that Congress allow a president, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson, deemed inconsistent with an elevated position. The fate of impoverished families may induce successors to hoard what was given to spend; till, for want of a just and moderate pension-system, the presidency is sought, not for honor, but gain. As a democratic member of Congress uniformly voting for these irregular, but indispensable gratuities, I submit them as deplorable consequences of the retrograde reform and costly parsimony sometimes deranging republican government and impairing its virtue. The sale of Jefferson's library was the first step in that decline, of all others the most dangerous, which renders ambition the slave of want, and avarice wisdom.

That portion of the first volume which we have represented as being in reality an interpolated review of the character and career of Napoleon, abounds in passages of the kind usually described as "capital reading." It is full, not only of discussion, but also of anecdote; and, on the whole, is almost as interesting an account of Napoleon and all his family relations as that published under the name of Bourrienne, with the advantage of being more novel, and written in a spirit of higher appreciation. The ostensible reason assigned by the author for introducing so bulky a digression is, that America was lately connected with the great European movement of that time. "French princes and personages," he says, "coming to or going from America, and performing important parts in France, may be shown in American lights, and developed with republican edification. Laroche-foucauld, Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Hyde de Neuville, and other eminent

royalists—Volney, Brissot, La Fayette, and Moreau, republicans—Joseph Bonaparte, with several more of his family—besides Grouchy, Clausel, Real, Regnault, sons of Ney, of Lannes, and of Fouché, outcasts, in America, of the French Empire—recurring from Marbois in 1779, to Tocqueville, in 1832—supply French incidents and characters for American history." The real reason for the important digression in question, however, is probably that indicated in the following passage :—

For some of these disclosures mine are accidentally peculiar advantages. Of the Spanish American revolutions, except that of Mexico, I am aware of no complete history, and my limited information is mostly derived from books or other publications. But of the Spanish invasion, its antecedents, accompaniments, and consequences ; of the advent, government, real character, abdications, overthrow of, and of the family of Napoleon, I am better informed, by five-and-twenty years' intimacy with Joseph Bonaparte, than any other who has written in English concerning them. Frenchmen, if acquainted with the realities known to me, could hardly publish them without partiality, nor Englishmen without prejudice. My source of information being Bonaparte's most intimate and confidential brother, cannot be entirely free from bias, neither mine nor his ; for, as Napoleon was a man exceedingly fascinating, so Joseph was very winning. Yet I deem it a great American qualification for these disclosures to be free from that awe of sovereigns, and deference for personages, which in Europe are traditional impressions that can hardly be got rid of. From Joseph Bonaparte's familiar and confidential personal intercourse ; from his library, containing all the modern memoirs and other French historical works, constantly explained by him and margined with notes in his writing ; from, therefore, the highest, though they may be biased, sources of information, I derive my materials.

Mr. Ingersoll's view of Napoleon may be said to be one of enthusiastic admiration, tempered by a strong and free spirit of American criticism. It is the emperor viewed neither from London nor from Paris—but from the banks of the Mississippi—where a writer can afford to mingle his respect even for such a phenomenon as Napoleon with a dash of personal carelessness in contemplating Cis-Atlantic things. The author thus describes his own first sight of Napoleon :—

Three years afterwards, in the autumn of 1802, I saw Bonaparte, then consul for life, with authority to appoint his successor, which advance on monarchy he had already reached. By the treaty of Amiens, in March, 1801, England, with all the rest of the world, recognized in his person, not a king or emperor by title, but a French ruler with great power and attributes. Paris was full of English ; their handsome ambassador, Lord Whitworth, with his wife, the Duchess of Dorset, Fox, Erskine, Lord Henry Petty, since Marquis of Lansdowne, with his Swiss tutor Dumont, the intimate of Jeremy Bentham and Romilly, Alexander Baring afterwards Lord Ashburton, with his American wife and her father ex-senator of the United States, William Bingham, and other distinguished persons, whom I met, and Joseph Bonaparte, at the house of the American minister, Robert R. Livingston. Like most American ministers in France, Mr. Livingston far exceeded his salary in sustaining elegant hospitality. Mr. Bingham, too, lived elegantly and hospitably ; and Franklin's grandson, Temple Franklin, on a smaller scale, kept a gay and handsome home. Rufus King, the American minister in England, with whom I went from London to Paris, did not care to be presented at the

consular court ; and even if he had been, I was not within the regulations established for that honor ; so that I saw the First Consul only at his reviews and the opera, and my descriptions of him, partly from personal observation, must be made up chiefly from that of others. The small bronze, full-length statue of General Bonaparte, bequeathed to me by Joseph Bonaparte's will, is a good likeness of Napoleon's person as I saw him, thin and pallid, with a mild and languid Italian expression. It has the queue which he wore in Italy, and I believe Egypt, with large locks of hair over the ears, instead of the chestnut crop, which, as I stood near him in the Tuileries, I saw him brush up with one hand while he held his hat in the other. His personal appearance then was perhaps most remarkable for its extreme dissimilitude to his colossal character ; not only uncommonly small, but looking still more diminutive and young, owing to a smooth, almost beardless, and unpretending countenance, without anything martial or imposing in his air or manner. He looked, I thought, like a modest midshipman. His height was but five feet two inches, French measure, equal to five feet seven inches, English or American. Between Bonaparte as I saw him, slender, pale, and small, and the Emperor Napoleon, grown fat and stout, there must have been considerable difference of appearance.

After this, there follow an immense number of little particulars as to the personal habits of Napoleon—and a more detailed account than we have seen anywhere else of the history of all the other members of the Bonaparte family, from Letitia the mother to Louis Napoleon the nephew ;—both being derived in a great measure from the author's intimacy with Joseph Bonaparte. Here is Mr. Ingersoll's summary of his opinion, as thence derived, of Napoleon's moral character—obviously colored by the partial source from which it comes—and involving a curious interpretation of Madame de Staël's hostility to the emperor :—

Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given color to the vast detraction to which Napoleon was subjected. And it will be some time before the truth can be gradually established. But it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall ; and posterity will recognize him, not only as a great, but likewise, in many respects, a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs like Charles X. of France, Charles IV. of Spain, and George IV. of England, depraved and dissolute men, more odious and despicable when compared with him as individuals than as monarchs. Even the most benevolent and brilliant of the monarchs of his age, the Emperor Alexander, was a man of much less domestic virtue, or personal decorum, than Napoleon, and quite as rapacious of extensive empire. Marshal Grouchy told me that, at Tilsit, the Emperor Alexander honored him, one day, with a long interview and free conversation ; in the course of which the emperor said that people must not insist on the same standard of morality for monarchs as for other men, which his imperial majesty pronounced impracticable. Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial virtues, far exceeding most of not only the royalty, but the aristocracy of Europe. The most pertinacious and effectual French authors of his overthrow were Talleyrand, Fouché, Madame de Staël, and La Fayette. Compared with either Talleyrand or Fouché, the purity of Napoleon's character, public or private, will hardly be denied. He was a much chaster man than Madame de Staël was a woman. She and La Fayette were indebted to him for kindnesses such as could hardly be compensated. Nor were all the evils of his undeni-

able despotism so injurious to France as the Bourbon restoration, of which La Fayette and De Stael were chief contrivers. Accepted, as George IV. and Charles X. were by England and France, as respectively the first gentlemen of those kingdoms, Napoleon, in all the fascination of manner, politeness, and study to please, was much more of a gentleman than either of them. Louis Philippe's father, the Duke of Orleans, Charles X., when Count of Artois, and George IV., as Prince of Wales, contemporaries, were together three of the most dissolute young men, not long before Lieutenant, and for several years Captain, then Major Bonaparte, not remarkable, because unknown, was constant in virtuous and irreproachable deportment. Madame de Stael sneers at his want of high-bred polish. But his superior wit she never forgave. Few individuals, probably no one, had more influence in undermining and discrediting the empire of Napoleon than a woman who made love to him, and then took vengeance because he treated her courtship not only repulsively but contemptuously. When he returned from Egypt, there were but two females who had any power over the young conqueror of thirty. They were his wife and his mother. General Bonaparte was a chaste, faithful, fond husband and son, on whom all the feminine attractions and temptations of Paris were thrown away;—dressed simply, lived domestically, and unostentatiously avoiding all female connexions beyond his own family. The celebrated Neckar's highly accomplished daughter, French wife of the Swedish ambassador, Madame de Stael, extremely ugly, witty, fashionable and free, with amazing talents and unbridled love of display, of distinction, of money, and of men, went to work to subdue Bonaparte as soon as he returned from Egypt to Paris, immense in heroic renown, and innocent of all love but for his family. Whenever Madame de Stael fell in with him, in public or private, she spared no expenditure of language, looks, airs, graces, and enticements, to fascinate his intimacy, brilliant as she was in conversation on almost any subject. She kept up, also, a continual fire of notes to Madame Bonaparte, who would hand them to her husband, and say, "Here, my friend, is a billet-doux, addressed to me, but intended for you." At length, at a party of Talleyrand's, Madame de Stael made her most desperate onset, which Bonaparte repelled and defeated, after the sharpest encounter of both their masterly wits. Publicly rejected, she vowed vengeance. Her violent retaliation induced him afterwards, unwisely and unfortunately, to banish her from Paris to Switzerland, where, for more than ten years of solitary exile, she brooded and matured the revenge, to which few persons, not all the French royalists combined, contributed more acrimonious disparagement. His sarcastic wit made many more bitter enemies than that formidable woman.

We cannot follow the author into his more express criticisms of Napoleon's political career. These, though always made in a spirit of extreme veneration, are often "slashing" enough—as becomes a writer who is convinced, to use his own big language, that "to Transatlantic independence it belongs to help posterity to understand the real character of that dictator, rescued from European, both exasperated denigration and awe-struck adulation"—and that "American language and influence will dictate philosophy and history among the posterities." We ought to mention, however, as a fact interesting to publishers and to the world in general, that Mr. Ingersoll states his belief that there is still somewhere extant and unpublished a mass of letters written to Napoleon during his Consulate and Empire by the European sovereigns—particularly Paul and Alexander of Russia, the Emperor Francis of Austria, the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and the Spanish royal family.

The originals of these letters, "couched in terms of base adulation and rapacious solicitation," were left, he says, in Europe, on the Emperor's deportation to St. Helena, but have either been destroyed or given up to great personages interested in suppressing them. Copies, however, had been made; two sets of which were once in Joseph Bonaparte's possession, and may yet be accessible, on search. Mr. Ingersoll says, that Joseph, on inquiring after the originals of the letters during his stay in England in 1837, found that a portion of them had been offered for sale by an unknown person to Mr. Murray, the publisher, in 1822, and declined by that gentleman from doubts as to their genuineness. The present Mr. Murray may possibly know how far, as regards this statement, Mr. Ingersoll's great authority may be relied on.

The quotations that we have made suggest a concluding remark as to Mr. Ingersoll's style. It is a rough, energetic style, not deficient in happy and vivid expressions; but we have rarely met with American writing more contemptuous not only of English rules, but of the reader's respiratory convenience. The punctuation is often deplorably bad; many words are used in what must be purely American senses, such as "improve" for "prove"; and in such constantly recurring phrases as these—"virgin American Admiralty law," "novel fiscal belligerent improvement," "magnificent equatorial sunshine gilded northern arms inexplicably favored by southern reticence,"—we see carried to an unprecedented extent the disposition of Americans to banish particles and small expletives from the language, as unnecessary luggage for a "go-ahead" people. The book is hard to read because of the uncouthness of its form.

The Whistler at Plough, &c. By Alexander Somerville. Jas. Ainsworth, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Mr. Somerville has deservedly acquired great reputation as an enlightened, zealous, and most industrious writer on the side of free trade. His first series of letters which attracted any notice appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, under the editorship of Mr. Black, and were the means of introducing Mr. Somerville to the leaders of the League. Under their auspices he made a series of journeys into the agricultural districts, and his letters from them served to make the real condition of our supposed Arcadia known to the public, and helped to dispel the illusion that the agriculturists were benefited by protection. His labors were highly useful, and his graphic descriptions of parts both of England and Ireland will long be remembered. To place them before the public in the collected form, is doing those who are yet ignorant of what was the condition of England ten years ago, a great service; but the book will be particularly valuable hereafter, as presenting to the next generation a very faithful and detailed picture of their ancestors. We take less interest in it from a certain familiarity with the facts; but to our successors, who will derive all their knowledge of this period from such works, Mr. Somerville's descriptions will be a mine of wealth and instruction. We cannot conceive a future Macaulay writing a history of the nineteenth century without drawing largely for a description of the manners and customs of the people from Mr. Somerville's book. The present thick volume, only one out of three that are promised, contains memoirs or notices of several very important individuals of the period as well as of our manners, and the two others will probably be richer in the same class of subjects. Besides deserving much notice at present, Mr. Somerville's books, like those of De Foe, will be sought for and more valued at a later period.—*Economist*.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE WINE TRADE.

AN impression has long existed that a very extensive manufacture of wines is going on in various parts of the world for the special benefit of British consumers. Vague rumors about elderberry-juice, logwood, cider, Cape, and "brandy-kowe," about mixing, blending, doctoring, and other mysterious processes and ingredients, have been afloat; and curious bits of knowledge which have occasionally come to light have seemed to lend these rumors some confirmation. Thus Mr. Cyrus Redding recalls to mind the amusing incident which occurred in Carlton House, an anecdote now pretty well known, but which, it seems, Mr. Redding first had from Colonel McMahon. How the Prince Regent had, in a corner of his cellar, a small quantity of remarkably fine wine, of a peculiar quality and flavor; how this wine remaining for some time untouched, "the household" thought their master had forgotten it, and to make up for this inexcusable lapse of memory, took upon themselves to drink it nearly out; how the prince one day, expecting some illustrious connoisseurs to dinner, ordered this particular wine to be served, and thus threw "the household" into a state of consternation; and how one of them hastened thereupon to take counsel with a confidential wine-merchant in the city, who quickly allayed his terrors. "Send me," said this ingenious individual, "a bottle of what remains, and I will send you in return as much wine of that description as you want; only you must take care that what I send is drunk immediately." This advice was followed, and the success was complete. The Prince Regent and his distinguished guests (so the story goes) were delighted with this rare old wine, whose peculiar merits had been so long overlooked. Three or four times afterwards the prince, whose taste in wine was exquisite, ordered some from the same batch; and on every occasion the confidential dealer had recourse to his private vineyard in his cellar, and "the mixture as before" was forthcoming. This process was continued until "the household," fearing a discovery, thought it prudent to inform their royal master that the stock of this favorite beverage was exhausted.

Another suggestive little anecdote, equally well authenticated, was furnished by the late Mr. Porter, secretary of the Board of Trade. We give it in that gentleman's own words, as reported in his evidence delivered before the committee on wine duties. "An acquaintance of mine," he said, "who invented, some years ago, a substitute for corks, which were made with India-rubber stuffed with wool, was asked if he could make some to resemble champagne corks. He undertook to do so, and was desired to make a small quantity by way of trial. Two days after he had sent them in, he had a note from the parties, requesting to see him; he accordingly went, and they produced a bottle of this *quasi* champagne wine, with the comment that it was in excellent order; he found it very palatable; but he could not make out how the corks, which he had supplied to them only two days before, could possibly have been used for the corking of champagne wine; and there can be no doubt it must have been all made in this country."

Stories of this kind—and there have been many such—floating about in society, have served to strengthen the prevalent impression, that the wine

consumed in England is largely adulterated. The result has been, as many respectable wine-merchants complain, not a little injurious to their trade. "It is spoken of," said Mr. Porter, "as a trade very much altered from the respectable character it used to bear; that persons of inferior moral temperament have entered into it, that tricks are played that would not have been countenanced in former times, that the trade is getting a very bad name and repute, and that by such means, and, as he believed, by the restriction of the consumption arising from the high rate of duties, it is a confined and restricted, and by no means a prosperous trade." On the other hand, some wine-dealers of good reputation have strenuously denied the prevalence of objectionable practices in their trade to any important extent. They admit that wines are frequently "blended," and pretty constantly "fortified" with alcohol; but these, they hold, are legitimate, proper, and useful processes. As to the various methods of manufacturing and cooking wines, which are alleged to be practised, these witnesses deny their existence, or affirm that they are confined to a very small and disreputable section of the trade.

At length, however, the public are enabled to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion upon this interesting question. Among the various engines that have at different periods been resorted to for eliciting the truth on any subject, there is none that will compare for efficiency with a parliamentary committee. A court of the Inquisition was well enough in its way; but it was not infallibly successful. The rack, the thumbscrew, the iron boot, with an *auto da fé* "looming in the distance," were powerful pieces of machinery; but it is on record that they sometimes failed to loosen a stubborn tongue, and sometimes extracted from an agonized or terrified witness more evidence than the facts would bear out. A jury-trial, managed by practised counsel, is not amiss; but astute witnesses are occasionally found, capable of baffling the most ingenious cross-examination. A committee of Parliament succeeds in getting at the truth simply by not resorting to any means of intimidation or compulsion. The witness, generally speaking, is not required to reply to any question which he would rather not answer. He may tell as many falsehoods as he chooses to invent, with little fear of being legally called to account for perjury. The consequence is, that the witnesses usually answer every question that is put to them, and never wilfully make a mis-statement. The latter offence would, it is true, meet with instant punishment, of a kind which few men would be willing to endure. The false witness would neither be tortured nor imprisoned; he would merely be sent to Coventry. A quiet smile of contempt would circulate through the committee as soon as the attempted deception was perceived; the courteous chairman would suddenly stiffen into rigid sternness, the examination would be brought to an abrupt close, and the witness would slink hurriedly from the committee-room, with the consciousness that he was a disgraced man for life. But, as has been said, this moral penalty is one that is very rarely, if ever, incurred. There are, of course, in the volumes of evidence on various subjects which every session brings forth, plenty of rash assertions, of biased opinions, of fallacies and delusions; but probably no statement of fact will be found which the person who made it did not at the time believe to be correct; and facts being

what are chiefly required in such cases, it is this circumstance which gives to the labors of parliamentary committees almost all their value.

The "Select Committee on Import Duties on Wines," which sat last session, collected a large mass of evidence, much of it of a highly interesting and valuable character. Forty-one witnesses were examined, of whom thirty were wine-growers, shippers, importers, or agents of much experience in the business; two were British wine manufacturers, two were licensed victuallers, and the remainder were gentlemen who had had peculiar opportunities, either official or private, of making themselves acquainted with the subject under investigation. The witnesses seemed all to have delivered their minds pretty freely, both on matters of opinion and on matters of fact. A good deal of information was obtained that probably would not have been elicited by any other means. A careful review of all this evidence leads to the rather startling conclusion that very little of the wine consumed in this country is in a natural or wholesome condition. Nearly the whole of it is adulterated, and usually with some noxious ingredient, the most common and the most deleterious being brandy. Before proceeding to adduce some of the remarkable evidence bearing upon this point, it will be requisite to explain, in a few words, the injurious effect of the present import-duties, and especially the manner in which they operate to exclude light and pure wines from the English market.

It is a well-known historical fact that, two centuries ago, much more wine was drunk in this country than at present, in proportion to the population, and, at the same time, a much smaller quantity of spirits was consumed. Wine and beer were then the ordinary beverages of all classes of the people. The importation of wine into this country, in the year 1669, for a population of about 5,000,000, was 90,000 pipes of all descriptions, including 40,000 pipes of French wine. This would be at the rate of two gallons, or twelve bottles (reckoning six bottles to the gallon) per head of the population. The duty was then only fourpence per gallon. In the year 1851, the total importation of wine, for a population of 27,000,000 was but 56,000 pipes, or not quite two thirds of the importation of 1669; and of this quantity only 4,000 pipes were French wine. The annual consumption of wine is, therefore, at present only about three tenths of a gallon, or one bottle and a half per head of the whole population—just one eighth of what it was in 1669. *The duty is at present 5s. 9d. per gallon.* Let not the sincere advocates of total abstinence imagine that this surprising decrease in the consumption of wine has resulted from, or contributed to, the growth of temperate habits in this country. The exact contrary is unfortunately the fact. Two hundred years ago, as has been already stated, though light wines and beer were consumed in much larger quantities than at present, distilled spirits were comparatively little known. They were drunk in coffee-houses and in the lobbies of theatres, under the name of "strong waters;" in fact, much as "liqueurs" are now taken on the continent. About the commencement of last century, the duties on all wines were raised for revenue purposes; and, at the same time, from a desire to favor our Portuguese allies at the expense of our French opponents, the duty on the light French wines was made more than double that on the fiery

wines of Portugal—the latter paying 2s. and the former 4s. 10d. per gallon. These duties were increased from time to time, until, in the year 1782, French wines paid a duty of 9s. 5d. per gallon, and Portuguese of 4s. 10d. The consequence was, that in the last-mentioned year the consumption of all wines had fallen to about 18,000 pipes, being just a fifth part of what it was in 1669. But the consumption of spirits had, in the mean time, frightfully increased. The common people, debarred by the high price from the use of the light, exhilarating, but not intoxicating beverage to which they were previously accustomed, were driven to supply its place by various preparations of ardent spirits, all about equally pernicious to health as well as to morals. "It was given in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1743," said Mr. Porter, "that the quantity of spirituous liquors made for consumption in England and Wales was, in 1773, 10,500,000 gallons; in 1734, 13,500,000 gallons; in 1740, 15,250,000 gallons; in 1741, 17,000,000 gallons; and in 1742, 19,000,000 gallons. These quantities were consumed by a population not exceeding 6,000,000, giving three and one sixth gallons for each individual in 1742. There were then more than 20,000 places within the bills of mortality in which gin was sold by the glass. About that period there were very stringent laws passed for the prohibition of the sale of spirits, which were evaded by a variety of means; in fact it was found quite impossible to enforce the Gin Act, as it was called. Within less than two years from that measure passing, namely, in March, 1738, there was a proclamation issued to enforce the Gin Act. Within less than those two years 12,000 people had been convicted under the Act within the bills of mortality; of these, 5000 had been sentenced to pay each a penalty of £100, and 3000 others had paid £10 each to excuse their being sent to Bridewell House of Correction. But these proceedings entirely failed, and, subsequent to and including that period, the consumption of spirits was as I have stated to you. It was considerably greater in 1741 and 1742 than it had been in 1738, when that proclamation was issued."

Such were the consequences which followed the imposition of a duty upon wine so high as to withdraw it from the consumption of the mass of the people. At the present day, owing to the improved habits which prevail, and more especially to the introduction of tea and coffee into common use, the consumption of spirits is less than it was in the middle of the last century. But it is still disgracefully large, amounting to nearly one gallon per annum for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. This is five times the quantity of wine that is consumed; and each gallon of spirits, it must be recollected, contains at least seven times the quantity of alcohol which is contained in a gallon of the light wines of France. The effect produced by the high duties which place these wines out of the reach of the common people, in extending the consumption of spirits, has been especially marked in the case of Scotland. That portion of the United Kingdom has, at this time, a bad preeminence for the quantity of distilled liquors consumed by its population. Yet, in former days, previous to the union with England, this was not the case. When French wines were admitted at a low duty, they were abundantly imported, and were largely consumed by the very parties who, when prevented from indulging their

taste for this favorite cordial betook themselves to spirits as the only substitute that was to be had. There was a time when it was common to see, in the mansion of a country laird, the cask of claret on tap and free to all comers, like the ale-barrel in an old-fashioned English farm-house. Mr. Redding says that he "was told by the late poet, Thomas Campbell (his father was born in 1710, and, consequently, the statement goes back a great way), that his grandfather told him they fenced in garden, field and paddock, with claret-staves." Those who deprived the Scottish people of what was once their national beverage are responsible for the serious deterioration of the national morals in point of temperance which afterwards took place.*

Another consequence of the imposition of these high duties is that the consumption of wine in the United Kingdom has been directed almost entirely to the very strong and spirituous descriptions, such as highly-branded ports, sherries, Madeira, and Marsala. The reason is obvious enough. When wine is made costly, people must buy that kind which will "go farthest." A single bottle of strong port or sherry will serve for four or five persons, who would perhaps consume half a dozen bottles of ordinary French wine. The latter quantity, under the present duty, would cost twenty or thirty shillings, while the bottle of spirituous wine would be obtained for four or five. Of course, most persons prefer the stronger wine, not as a matter of taste, but as a matter of economy. If the light French wines could be obtained in this country, as at Hamburg and other German seaports, for eighteenpence or a shilling a bottle, they would certainly be preferred to the fiery compounds, which are now consumed under the names of port and sherry.

We are thus brought to the causes which lead to such extensive adulteration of wines for the English market. So long as wine is dear, it must be had strong. Consequently, wherever in any part of the world a district is discovered producing wine which is naturally of great strength, it is appropriated to the supply of British consumers. There is one such district in Portugal, in the valley watered by the upper Douro; another in southern Spain, around the town of Xeres de la Frontera; a third in Madeira, and a fourth on the western coast of Sicily. Of course the greater the natural strength of the wine, the larger will be the infusion of alcohol which it will bear. Wine-growers and wine-dealers, finding that the demand in

Great Britain is for very strong wine—simply because such wines will "go farthest," and thus be cheapest to the buyer—are accustomed to add large quantities of spirits, both before and after the wines are imported into this country. Then, to disguise the flavor of the spirits, other ingredients are added. And, finally, to supply in some measure the demand for cheap wines, various other mixtures are manufactured, in which the genuine juice of the grape is only one of the several "raw materials" employed.

With these preliminary explanations, we may proceed to give some account of the mysterious processes which the liquids by courtesy or custom termed "wines," undergo to prepare them for this market. Taking the several varieties in due order, we commence with that illustrious beverage, "good honest, old, English port," as one of the witnesses affectionately termed it. On this subject we have, in the first place, the evidence of Mr. Joseph Forrester, a gentleman who has been twenty-two years engaged in growing and shipping port wines, and who is laudably anxious that the duty should be lowered, in order that lighter and more wholesome wine may reach the British consumer, and that the injurious practices of adulteration may be prevented. From this unexceptionable testimony it appears that by the present Portuguese law *no unsophisticated port wine is allowed to reach this country!* When an Oporto merchant desires to ship a pipe of pure wine, he purchases of a farmer a "permit," which has been obtained for shipping a pipe of the sophisticated wine, and, by a species of what is considered allowable smuggling, substitutes his good wine for the doctored wine, which alone the law allows to be exported. The following are the terms in which Mr. Forrester made this important statement:—"If the wine be unsophisticated, as a matter of course by law that wine is not permitted to come to this market; the law distinctly prohibits its being shipped thence; as the wine is intended by the merchant for this market, he purchases from one whose wines have been allowed a permit, and with that permit substitutes his unsophisticated wine, and loads that down to his stores at Oporto." The purchase of this permit, it is stated, increases the cost of the wine by about 3*l.* a pipe. The prime cost of a pipe of good port wine, in the farmer's hands, is, it appears, on an average, about 11*l.* This wine, at a duty of 1*s.* a gallon (about 5*l.* 10*s.* a pipe), could be sold in this country at 10*d.* a bottle. At present, however, it has to pay export-dues in Portugal amounting to about 7*l.* a pipe, and an import-duty in England amounting to about 33*l.* a pipe. The shipper, who pays the export-duty, must, of course, have his profit upon that, as well as upon the original cost of the wine. The wine-merchant, who pays the import-duty, must in like manner obtain a fair return for his money; and the result is that the wine is thus raised in cost to about 4*s.* the bottle—of which 1*s.* goes to the imperial treasury, and the rest to the Portuguese Wine Company, or into the pockets of the dealers.

Now, to make wine salable at this excessively high price, it is necessary that it should be an exceedingly strong wine, so that a little of it may go a great way, either when taken unmixed, or when "blended" with other wines. The Portuguese authorities, being aware of this necessity, have established the law that no wines shall be imported from Portugal to England but such as are very

* A remarkable example of the effect produced by the opposite system is presented in the case of Liberia. The founders and rulers of that colony have been especially anxious to foster habits of sobriety among the settlers. With this object, a high duty has been imposed upon distilled spirits, while French wines are admitted free. The result has fully answered the expectations of the law-makers. Several writers who have recorded their impressions of the colony, take particular notice of the temperate habits which prevail among all classes of the community. A respectable Liberian colonist, Mr. Roberts (brother of the president) stated at a public meeting at New York, a few weeks ago, that he knew of but two drunkards in the settlement. Of course, higher influences than any more fiscal regulations have been at work to produce such a state of things. But if, instead of a system which gives them cheap wines and makes spirits costly, the Liberians had adopted such a tariff as exists in Great Britain, it may be doubted whether churches, schools and "temperance societies" would have been more effectual in promoting good habits on the coast of Africa than in this country.

"black, sweet, and strong," possessing sufficient body, flavor, color, and richness, to qualify them for use in doctoring other wines. "The Portuguese government," says this witness, "consider literally that port wines are not known or drunk as port wines, but really are used simply for making up artificial wines in England." In this opinion the Portuguese government cannot be very far wrong, if it be the fact, as is stated in another part of these minutes, that although only 20,000 pipes of port wine are imported into this country, 60,000 pipes of what passes for port are consumed by our population. Concerning the manner in which these essential qualities of blackness, sweetness, and strength, are secured, Mr. Forrester gives the following explanation:—"If the fermentation of the grape-juice were allowed to have its full course, sufficient coloring matter would be extracted by that process from the skins or husks of the grapes which are thrown in with the juice. But," says Mr. Forrester, "in order to produce the other two qualities, namely, the strength and sweetness, the fermentation is sometimes, and very frequently, checked; by which, as the wine is not properly attenuated, the saccharine matter is not converted into its proper alcohol, and the residue of this unconverted saccharine matter remains suspended in the imperfect wine; and hence, to prevent a reaction, when the deposit takes place, *brandy must be thrown into it to prevent that reaction*, as well as to give it the strength and the body that is ordained by law. If any further coloring matter be absolutely requisite by the speculator—I would not suppose by the merchant (for the merchants generally do not like, unless they are obliged, to sell very common wines, and do not like to have recourse to these practices)—then the elderberry is, I believe, the only dye made use of in this country, and *costs an enormous sum of money*." Mr. Forrester is naturally disposed to deal tenderly with his friends the merchants; but as the only object of thus coloring the wine is to make it suitable for exportation to England, it is clear that the whole, or nearly the whole, of this large quantity of elderberry juice, for which "an enormous sum of money" is paid, goes down English throats. The sum of Mr. Forrester's evidence on this particular point may be thus stated. By the Portuguese law, there are required to be united in all wine that is exported to England three qualities, namely, blackness, sweetness, and strength, which are rarely found together in the wine in its natural state. To produce these qualities artificial means are resorted to. The necessary sweetness is obtained by checking the fermentation, which, of course, leaves the wine in an imperfect and unwholesome state; the strength is given by the addition of spirit; and the color is communicated by elderberry. It appears, therefore, that the port which is brought directly from Portugal (leaving out of view that which is manufactured in England) is, in fact, not wine, but a compound of brandy, elderberry, and half-fermented grape-juice. Some wine of a more genuine character is, indeed, exported under the illegal though tolerated system already noticed. But even this has invariably a large infusion of brandy, of which a small proportion is sufficient to spoil the best wine.*

* Since the above was written, a decree of the Portuguese Government has been published, making some important alterations in the system by which the export of wine is regulated. The monopoly of the Wine Company

According to the evidence of several witnesses, large quantities of wines from other countries—France, Spain, Sicily, and the Cape—are sold here as the produce of Portugal. Considering the character of the "genuine" port wines, one might be induced to suppose that such a substitution would be rather an advantage than otherwise; but it must be remembered that in order to make these substituted wines pass muster for port, they must be well doctored, and possibly with some deleterious ingredients. The consumer may think himself fortunate if he escapes with nothing worse than elderberry, sloes, or logwood. The substitution of other wines for port was, it seems, practised in the days of our grandfathers quite as extensively as at present. One witness, who has been engaged for many years in importing "Masdeu," a red wine from Roussillon, told the following curious story:—"When I got to the port of shipment (Port Vendres) I found very extensive warehouses constructed; and as it was in a very outlandish place, with not more than two hundred and fifty inhabitants in the port of shipment, that struck me as very remarkable. I inquired why those warehouses were built, and I was told that they had been built by the proprietor's father. (The present proprietor is now in his 84th or 85th year.) I inquired for what purpose the father had built them, and I was informed he had built them in connexion with a countryman of my own, a Mr. Ireland. 'Had I ever heard of Mr. Ireland?' My answer was no. But upon further inquiry I was told Mr. Ireland and his (Monsieur Durand's) father had had large transactions in wine, and that Mr. Ireland stated that he wanted a wine for the supply of the troops and the navy. I inquired if it was fine old wine he wanted, or such wines as were usually supplied to the troops and the navy, and I was told fine old wine. Upon my return to this country I went to the late Mr. George Hathorn, than whom a more respectable man never existed in any trade: being a very old man, I inquired if he had ever heard of Mr. Ireland.

is abolished, and the export-duty is reduced from 12,000 *reis* per pipe (about 2*l.* 18*s.*) to 3,400 *reis*, or about 10*s.* 6*d.* Wines of the "second quality," which were formerly not allowed to be shipped to England, and could only be exported to countries out of Europe, are now placed on an equal footing with wines of the first quality. But an absurd and injurious distinction is still made between exportable wines, and wines which may not be exported. Wines of the "third quality" are included in the latter class; and these are the very wines which the advocates of a low import-duty desire to see introduced into this country. "The third quality," says Mr. Forrester, "is a simple light wine, with little body and color, but which is admirably adapted for table-drinking, off draught, and may be shipped with little or no brandy at a very cheap rate. This," he adds, "is the only wine used to any extent from royalty to the peasant, in Portugal." What would be said if the English government, under pretence of desiring to preserve the high reputation of British cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures abroad, should forbid the exportation of any but the more costly descriptions, and should class as "not exportable" the very kinds which are commonly worn by all classes in this country? A statesman who should propose such a measure would be regarded as insane; yet this is actually the system established or maintained by the improved and "liberal" regulations recently adopted by the present Portuguese ministry. On the other hand, the Portuguese statesman may retort, and with perfect truth, that until the equally irrational and restrictive wine-duty of England is reduced, no alterations that may be made in the Portuguese system will render it possible to introduce cheap, light, and pure wines into Great Britain.

He said, 'Yes; he recollected Mr. Ireland had commenced life at Bristol in a very obscure position, and died one of the richest men in it.' 'What course of trade did he follow?' 'He was an importer of red wines.' 'Port wines?' 'Port wines.' 'What reputation had his wines in the market?' 'They were of the highest class.' Yet he could not tell why—it was not from any want of funds—but all at once the house suspended its operations. I supplied the wanting link; he could get no more Roussillon wines, as the first French revolution hindered him."

Thus our deluded progenitors, while they imagined themselves drinking port, were in fact consuming Roussillon wines, and that in such quantities as to make the fortune of the ingenious importer. What particular means and appliances he employed in the process of transmuting French wines into Portuguese will probably never be known. Whether the elder and the sloe are found to thrive in the neighborhood of Bristol, or whether there were large importations of Brazilwood and catechu into that city about a century ago, are delicate points which it is needless to investigate at this time. All that can be said is, that a whole generation of our grandsires went down to their graves under the pleasing impression that they had been drinking port all their lives, and a good many of them were mistaken.

The next wine on our list is, of course, sherry; and in reference to this we have, from an equally competent witness, evidence curiously similar to that which Mr. Forrester has borne respecting the famous produce of the Douro. Dr. J. Gorman, who has resided for many years in Spain, and is "perfectly well acquainted with the produce of the district of Xeres de la Frontera," asserts distinctly and positively, in so many words, that "no natural sherry comes to this country." Even the chairman of the committee, who was tolerably well versed in the mysteries of the trade, was a little startled by this assertion. "None at all!" he exclaimed. "None whatever," replied the experienced doctor; but then, correcting himself, he added, "It rarely happens. No wine-house will send it to you; *your demand is for wine to suit an artificial taste*, and you send out your orders—that is, the wine-merchants in England—and they confine the exporters there to certain marks, numbers, classes, and qualities of wine, and the article you get is a mixed wine."

"What is the difference," asked the chairman, "between the strength of the genuine wine and the strength of the artificial wine?"

"The quantity of natural alcohol," answered Dr. Gorman, "which all good sherry wines contain is about twelve per cent.; the strength of the mixed wine will depend upon the quantity of brandy which the exporter may deem necessary to add in addition to the innate spirit. I believe they put as much as six or eight gallons of brandy to a butt of wine—one hundred and eight imperial gallons. *There should be none whatever*; that is an adulteration."

From this well-informed and outspoken witness we get also the interesting information that "there is a place at Cadiz called the Aguada, where inferior wines are received from various parts of Spain for the purpose of mixing with sherry, to be shipped to this and other countries as sherry wine; but the wine from the Condado de Niebla is preferred to any other class for mixing with it. This is a very inferior wine; a perishable wine.

It will generally get decomposed before the third year has passed, unless you throw a large quantity of brandy into it."

Such is the authentic account of sherry, which has been the English favorite wine since George the Fourth brought it into fashion.

The consumption of Madeira has fallen off a good deal, owing, it is commonly supposed, to the social ban under which the "First Gentleman of Europe" was pleased to place it; but Mr. Oliveira, M. P., supplies us with another reason which seems likely to have been more efficient in bringing it into disrepute—namely, the general character of acidity which the wine has gained of late years, and which "arises from prematurely, and by chemical means, turning new wine into old wine through the medium of great heat." This is done "in the establishment called the 'Estafa,' or hot-house, into which the new wines are placed at once, bricked up, and kept at a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees for three months. The wine subjected to that operation changes its character, and becomes a spirituous compound, which again is mixed with fine wines, which are shipped (he believed) in large quantities as the regular Madeira wines.

Mr. Maire, a French wine-grower and shipper, gives a similar account of Burgundy. "Whenever science or chemistry have come to our rescue," he affirms, "they have done us more harm than good. The great chemist, Count Chaptal, advised the growers in Burgundy to counteract the inclemency of the seasons by putting sugar upon their vats. He advised them to go on very moderately, for I think the quantity was only 1 lb. per hogshead of grapes. This trial answered so well, that from 1 lb. they had increased to 30 lb. per hogshead; and the effect is, that those wines, being loaded with additional sweetness, and not having the other properties which belong to wine and form wine, there is an excess in the fermenting, and, in fact, they destroy themselves by continual fermentation. That unfortunate discovery has been almost fatal to Burgundy, perhaps, all over the world, except in the northern climates, where the cold weather keeps them together; but in England the climate is exceedingly ungenial to keeping the Burgundy wines, except the best." "This sugar," Mr. Maire explained, "has a double property. First, it increases the fermentation, and by that means increases the color, and increases the flavor, and gives flavor to the wine. It was opening the door to frauds; there was a fine field for imposing upon the people. The result was, that those wines lost their name everywhere, and with it their consumption."

It is needless to go any further into this part of the inquiry. The foregoing may be taken as fair samples of the curious disclosures which were made in the course of the investigation. The simple fact is, as has already been stated, that the high price of wine, caused by the excessive import-duty, has created, not a taste, but an economical necessity for a very high-flavored and stimulating wine. When these qualities cannot be obtained in the natural vintage, which is usually the case, recourse is had to artificial means. The fermentation is checked too soon, or is increased to excess, or the acid of the wine is dissolved by heat; and in all cases, to prevent further decomposition, and to increase the strength and intoxicating power of the wines, large quantities of alcohol are added to them. What we drink in England is not.

properly speaking, wine. It is "brandy-and-wine;" a mixture which differs in nature and effect from the pure juice of the grape almost as widely as brandy-and-water differs from pure water. The light and unsophisticated wines, in the state in which they are ordinarily drunk on the Continent, do not injuriously affect either the stomach or the head. People do not acquire a craving for strong liquors in consequence of drinking them. When taken, as is the common custom, well qualified with water, they are not more stimulating than strong coffee or tea, and, perhaps, are more wholesome than either of those beverages. The natural taste of the inhabitants of the British islands has always inclined to those light, pleasant, and salubrious wines. With a low duty, they would undoubtedly come into general consumption, displacing a large proportion of the highly-branded wines, and probably some of the spirits that are now consumed. Our ports, sherries, and other strong and fiery wines, are in fact little more than spirituous liquors under a costly and genteel disguise. It is not surprising that many persons, finding their choice confined to a few stimulating liquids, all strongly alcoholic, should select those which are at once the cheapest and the purest, and should prefer plain gin and brandy to the dearer and, perhaps, more deleterious compounds which pass with us for wines. The better way would be, until our legislature allows us to drink genuine wine, to consider all those intoxicating liquors as equally pernicious, and to avoid them all.

The curious developments which were obtained in respect to the custom of vatting or "blending" wines and the manufacture of domestic wines, ought not to be left entirely unnoticed. It appears that it is a common practice, when a merchant has several parcels of different wines in the docks, which separately and under their proper names do not suit the public taste, to have them all started together into a vat, usually with a quantity of brandy added, and see what will come of it. The mixture thus created is sold as port or sherry, according to the character of the predominating ingredients. The following is a specimen of what may be called the "London Dock port-wine vintage of 1850 :"—

968	gallons Sicilian wine.
1,766½	" French "
2,604	" Spanish "
1,419	" Port "
394	" Cape "
1,620	" Mixed "
205	" Brandy.

Total, 8,971½ gallons in one vat.

There is another still more miscellaneous mixture, taken from the books of the same public establishment.

89	gallons Italian wine.
28	" Port "
557	" French "
62	" Madeira "
53	" Marsala "
14	" Unenumerated.
371	" Spanish wine.
448	" Canary "
44	" Brandy.

Total, 1,666 gallons in one vat.

There is a formal rule of the dock companies, making a distinction between wines which are to be blended for home consumption and those which may be mixed for exportation to British colonies and foreign countries. The former must be all the produce of one country, while the latter may be of different countries. Practically, however, the regulation is of little effect. The wines which are mixed for exportation are in many cases merely sent to a short distance, as, for example, to the Channel Island, or to Hamburg, and thence re-imported under their new names into this country. The committee seemed to take a particular interest in this part of the investigation, which certainly leads to some important conclusions, as will be seen from the following portion of the examination of one of the witnesses.

The chairman to Mr. Ridley.—"This wine, which you say is vatted for exportation, not for home consumption, is it *bonâ fide* exported or not?" "The wines mixed in that way must be for exportation; the custom-house would not admit them for home consumption."

"Is it *bonâ fide*?" "It is *bonâ fide* red wine we have spoken of, and it has been exported to the Channel Islands."

"And brought back?" "Yes."

"Then it is not *bonâ fide*?" "No; not *bonâ fide*."

"My question is, is it intended for foreign consumption, or for home consumption?" "For home consumption."

"Is it exported for the purpose of home consumption?" "Yes."

Mr. Villiers.—"Exported to some place from which it is to be imported?" "Yes."

"And the officer does not take any notice of this stuff called port wine?" "Just so."

Mr. Jackson.—"A witness from the St. Katherine's Dock, Mr. Wright, has stated that eight pipes of port, six from Hamburg, two from St. John's, and other small parcels of port wine, had been blended in the vatting establishment of the St. Katherine's Dock; that the duty has been paid, and it has gone forth for home consumption as port wine?" "Yes."

"It appears, therefore, that whatever wine comes from any foreign port to this country, and is entered as port wine, is admitted as such, notwithstanding it may have never been in Portugal?" "Just so."

"Any description of red wine, of the same quality and description as red [qu. : port] wine, is received by the customs as port wine, suffered to be blended with wine from Oporto, and it is sold to go to the public as port wine?" "Just so."

"It is by this process that the 20,000 casks suffered to be exported from Oporto to this country became 60,000 casks for the use of the consumer?" "It would give that increase."

According to this statement, the chances are three to one that the person who drinks what he supposes to be port wine, in this country, is, in fact, not drinking even the "sophisticated" produce of Portugal, but a mixture of a great variety of wines, each of which has perhaps been separately doctored in its own country, while the whole compound is "fortified" by an additional infusion of spirits in this country.

The two manufacturers of British wines who were examined gave some interesting evidence concerning that branch of British industry. It appears that the products of this manufacture are of two classes. The first includes what may properly be called domestic cordials, such as ginger, currant, raspberry, cowslip, and elder

wines; the second comprises imitations of foreign wines, and more particularly of port, sherry and champagne. The total annual produce of this home-manufacture is estimated, at present, at 600,000 gallons—a quantity equal to one tenth of all the wines imported—and it is increasing every year. One of the witnesses stated that about one third of his sales consisted of British port, sherry, and champagne. He sold them as British wines; but it may be taken for granted that they were afterwards retailed to consumers as foreign wines. Their components were French and Spanish raisins and spirits. The other manufacturer sometimes added a portion of Cape and Pontac, or “the bottoms of foreign wines, the Oporto and Spanish wines.” Others have used different methods. Mr. Redding quotes from the “Victualler’s Guide,” a work which has gone through four editions, a valuable receipt for making port wine of the following ingredients—“forty-five gallons of cider, six of brandy, eight of port wine, two gallons of sloes stewed in two gallons of water, and the liquor pressed off.” If the color is not good, tincture of red sanders or cudbear is directed to be added. This may be bottled in a few days. The receipt goes on to say—“A teaspoonful of powder of catechu being added to each, a fine crusted appearance on the bottles will follow quickly.” The ends of the corks being soaked in a strong decoction of Brazil wood and a little alum will complete this interesting process, and give them the appearance of age. Oak-bark, elder, Brazil wood, privet, beet, and turnsole (adds Mr. Redding), are all used in making fictitious port wine.

The conclusions which may be drawn from the whole of this very curious and important evidence appear to be, (1), that nearly all the wine imported into this country is previously adulterated with brandy or other deleterious infusions; (2), that most of the liquids consumed as port and sherry in this country, are spurious mixtures of various wines and spirits, or else are wholly manufactured in Great Britain; and (3), that the sole cause of these adulterations and frauds is to be found, not in any depraved taste of the English people, nor in the character of the wine-dealers, but in excessively high import-duty, which prevents the importation of light and genuine wines, suited to the natural taste of the people. Until this obstacle is removed, persons who have a regard for their own health and comfort will do well to abstain altogether from the mixed, spirituous, and noxious beverages which are now commonly vended under the name of wine.

From the Economist, 23d Jan.

MARRIAGE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE new Empress of France has been chosen. Louis Napoleon, having made at least one offer to connect himself by marriage with the continental sovereigns and been rejected, has adopted the resolution of choosing a wife from beyond their narrow circle. The lady he has selected is Donna Eugenia Montijos, of Spanish origin by her father, the late Duke of Penamando, and of Irish origin by her mother, a Miss Kirkpatrick, daughter of a gentleman formerly Consul at Malaga. She is in her own right Countess Theba, and has very considerable personal attractions. For some time she has

been living with her mother at Paris, and has attracted much of the emperor’s attention. At length he has formally demanded her in marriage, been accepted, and in a week or two Countess Theba will be Empress of France. We are not surprised at this. So self-sustained and so resolute as the emperor has shown himself, it was not to be expected that he would continue humbly to sue for admission into the society of those who took frequent opportunities of slighting him, though they could not degrade, and could but dread him.

Remembering how little advantage Napoleon gained by his marriage with Maria Theresa, how much she was disliked while her predecessor was almost adored, it was calculated to excite surprise that Louis Napoleon ever thought of marrying into any of the ancient royal families of the continent. He reigns rather in spite of them than by their consent. He derives his power from popular support and popular sympathies; to retain it he must preserve them; while they are now effectually deprived of them, and unfortunately make it their chief business to despise them. Whatever may be the real source of his influence, he pretends to derive his power from a popular election; nor can it be denied that he has appealed to the people, and, according to the fashion of Frenchmen, they have given him an almost universal support. However much they may desire peace and tranquillity, they have no love for the sovereigns of Europe, and by courting them too much he might lose the hearty support of Frenchmen. They may now regard him as their instrument; but if he were to form a matrimonial alliance with one of the continental sovereigns, his people might suppose that he sought to establish his throne by foreign assistance, and might turn against him. His present plan is an additional proof of self-reliance, an additional appeal to the popular sympathies and to popular support, and an additional proof of that strong will which has already gained him much admiration, and encouraged men to put faith in him.

The sovereigns have shown a tardiness in acknowledging him, and they did it in an ungracious manner. He takes, therefore, the earliest opportunity of proving that he is not dependent on them. He is under no necessity to submit his inclinations as a man to the conventionalities and political considerations of the sovereigns; and his marriage with a private lady is a defiance of them, as well as a throwing himself back on the people for support. Nor can we look on that as increasing the danger of disturbing the peace of Europe. The sovereigns of the Continent—now kept quiet more by fear than love—will not dread him less, and his increasing necessity for popular support does not seem favorable to plunging into war. That the present step, like the whole of his conduct, is dictated by his own deliberations and resolution, that it is different from the customary proceedings of European sovereigns, and that it shows us more than ever how much every movement of the French government depends on his individual will, is true; but because he follows no customary rules, and is guided by his own views of his own interests—because he has in this case departed completely from the example of Napoleon—a hope arises that he may in other cases depart from that example, when so doing will probably promote the best interests of France and secure his own throne.

From Chambers' Journal.

OLD AND YOUNG LOVE.

THE recollections which I am now jotting down in my leisure moments, painful though many of them be, are penned in the hope that some of those whose eyes they may meet, may glean from them a lesson which, had it been read to myself in by-gone days, had changed the destiny of my life.

I need write down little of my early years of boyhood : they were passed calmly enough in the usual routine of Dutch colonial life. There is seldom much to give excitement to a sojourn in an Eastern settlement, and still less until one has reached the riper years of manhood. The island of Ceylon, under the sober sway of Mynheer Falck, formed no exception to this rule. My youth passed away ; manhood arrived ; yet nothing had occurred to ruffle the even tenor of my life, save the death of my surviving parent ; and that event was softened by the reflection, that it left me sole master of my actions, and of a landed property which was far from being inconsiderable.

The Retreat, which was the name of our family property, was and still is situated on the banks of the Calany Ganga, whose waters rolled into the Indian Ocean the contributions of many a distant mountain torrent, of many a boiling waterfall and inland flood. Our rice-grounds, at the present moment, stretch for a good mile along the river-bank. Of pasturage, there is no lack. And the fine, old, red-bricked, high-shouldered, stiff-backed family mansion stood up, and stands now, as primly amidst the merry green foliage and flower-beds, as though it had been starched and ironed out for the purpose. I loved the dear old place, with its quiet dark rooms, brimful of ebony and calamander furniture ; and its lone, gravelly, shaded walks, into which the sun never peeped but for a minute at highest noon ; but I love it more dearly now, and for other reasons.

When I found myself in full possession of all this property, I was not elated and puffed up ; I did not rush into the coarse gayeties of burgher colonial life ; I felt that I had a soul above Schiedam and clay-pipes, and nothing less than claret and a perfumed hookah on a downy ottoman would suit my tastes. Always of a contemplative turn, I had long felt a great desire to study Oriental languages, in order to search the hidden treasures of the literature of the East ; and now that there was no longer any obstacle to my pursuits, I gladly handed over charge of the rice-grounds, the fruit-trees, the cattle, and implements, to my father's old gray-headed *mohandran* or bailiff, who I knew would be as honest as he could, and would not rob me more than he had done my predecessors.

I called in the services of a *pundit* from the neighboring temple, who put me upon a course of Pali and Sanscrit, much to my delight. I could think of nothing else. The very oddity of the characters pleased me—they were so like carpenter's shavings curled round, and old slippers turned up at the toes. I breakfasted on Pali ; I took tea on Sanscrit ; and dined on them both. I dreamed of them. The smoke of my hookah curled up into queer Pali letters ; the very flowers in the garden seemed to be blossoming in the Sanscrit dialect. In short, I was happy, and flattered myself that I could not possibly be happier—that I was leading a most exemplary life, and was altogether a very virtuous, useful member of burgher society.

Time rolled pleasantly on, and I was still ab-

sorbed with my hookah and my Pali, still lived upon claret and Sanscrit, undisturbed by any carking cares of the Dutch world about me, when I remembered that I was thirty-two years of age. Judging by my dress and manners, any one might well have written me down forty-two, with a postscript to the effect that I looked rather more.

Just at this critical period, when I was about to commence an onslaught upon the musty Pali Olas of Singalese history, I received a letter from an old friend of the family at Jaffnapatam, in the north of the island, soliciting my good offices for the widow of a Company's servant, who, with her little daughter, was proceeding to Colombo for change of air. I engaged for them a small cottage adjoining my own grounds, and shortly afterwards welcomed the old lady and her charge to their new abode. There was nothing whatever to attract one in the widow ; she was as dull and insipid as might be expected from a whole life passed in a remote Dutch settlement. Her lace collar and ruffles were as yellow as her skin, and that seemed to have imbibed the joint tinge of her favorite "pumpkin curry," and her deceased husband's tobacco smoke. I of course felt for her friendless situation, but otherwise looked upon her with the same feelings as I should have had for an old butter-crook or a bale of damaged cotton cloth. Edith—her sweet, dark-eyed, black-haired daughter—was a being of another stamp ; so simple, so lively, so good, so intelligent, that I used to think the old smoke-dried, curry-fed dame must have stolen the dear child from some high-born family ; indeed, I am not to this day convinced to the contrary.

Their wants were few enough—as is the case with most people in tropical countries—and those wants were readily supplied. But it was evident that little Edith required something more than could be had at the neighboring bazaar. Her mind demanded nourishment ; and such a mind as she was evidently gifted with, should have no ordinary chance care. I thought much of it ; it came across me in the midst of a Pali translation ; it startled me in the wild solitudes of a Sanscrit verb. Schools for such as she, there were none. But she could read and write, and had a slight, very slight, knowledge of history and science ; so that the ground had at any rate been prepared for the good seed. I was not long in determining what to do. They were both glad to receive my offers of tuition ; and it was arranged that every morning, an hour after the ordinary breakfast, I should send my *oppo*, or butler, for my little pupil, who was to remain with me until noon, after which I was to be left to my Pali and Sanscrit.

A new phase of my hitherto mechanical existence now commenced, and with it I dated the birth of new and pleasurable feelings. I had some one to live for beyond my own self. I felt that the ability to impart was not less pleasing than the power to acquire knowledge. And when each morning brought me my young pupil, cheerful, happy, and gentle as ever, it seemed as though a radiant light were diffused through the old darkened rooms of the huge mansion. I could hear the pretty Edith's footfall on the gravel-walks, and over the green grass-plot, long before I could catch a glimpse of her through the thick foliage of the oleanders and the roses. Sometimes, too, she would gather flowers and evergreens as she came along, and wreath them into garlands for me while I taught her.

It was a happy time that morning of instruction: the forenoon seemed to have fled ere it commenced. And what rendered it the more delightful, Edith made such rapid progress during the first year, as bade fair shortly to outstrip my limited powers of instruction. I entered upon a fresh course of studies myself, in order to be able to keep in advance of my pupil. I learned all sorts of difficult things, from all kinds of hard-covered, heavily-clasped old tomes. Some I borrowed from the minister, and some from a member of the Dutch service, who possessed more books than he knew the names of. In this way I kept fairly ahead for at least another year. Sanscrit and Pali began to lose their charms for me, and I could no longer feel any interest in matters which possessed no attractions for Edith.

On Sundays, I drove my neighbors to church in my old-fashioned bullock-hackery, fitted up with new curtains and soft cushions, and I even began to bestow a little pains upon my long-neglected dress. Sometimes, on cool, still evenings, I took them in a covered canoe, rowed by two oarsmen, up the Calany Ganga. Oftentimes the old lady remained at home, at which I was the better pleased; and Edith, who had a good ear and a knowledge of music, played to me on her guitar, sweet, soft, little airs, and sang to them such gentle, soothing words, as made me wish she could sing forever.

Our morning lessons now grew into the afternoon, and my pupil remained to *tiffin*, on fruit, bread, and cream, after which we strolled down to a shady tope of palms, where the grass grew as thick and soft as any silken ottoman; and there, with book in hand, while the waters of the Calany rippled at our feet, and the birds sang above our heads, I read aloud some chapters of history, or politics, or science, stopping at times to expatiate or explain, as the case might be. On these occasions little Edith—for she was still little, though growing fast towards womanhood—would seat herself at my feet, and, resting her beautiful head on my knees, look up into my face with her clear, soft, searching eyes, as though she *saw* instead of *heard* my words. I never felt tired of reading and explaining, and every day was surprised to find, by the unwelcome appearance of my appo, that the hour for tea had arrived.

In this way, what with teaching, reading, boating, and riding to church, some years flew rapidly and happily away. My pupil was nearly fifteen, ripening into maturity, and growing more lovable and intelligent every day. I could really teach her no more. But I was determined she should learn all that was possible in the island, and accordingly engaged a dancing-master to come out from the fort twice a week; as also a neat work-woman, to give her daily lessons in embroidery and lace-working. It is true, the dancing-master was wooden-legged, for he was an old pensioner of the Company, but he was as active and graceful as though he had possessed as many real legs as a centiped; and very soon his pupil made rapid progress in this as in all else. I more than once caught myself taking involuntary lessons in the adjoining room; and I verily believe, that if Edith had expressed the slightest ghost of a desire that I should take lessons in the embroidery, I should have cheerfully undertaken the dangerous task.

At the end of the sixth year of my acquaintance with Edith and her mother, I began to put a few serious questions to myself. That I loved that

dear girl very deeply and sincerely, I did not for a moment doubt. I had been conscious of it for a long time past. But what were her feelings towards me? That I could not so easily answer. I thought much upon this: it had most completely annihilated every vestige of Pali from my mind. Sometimes I felt convinced Edith really loved me as I would have her love; at other times, strange doubts flitted across my brain. She often called me her "dear, good old man," and she then hated word "old," rang in my ears like a knell to my hopes. It was in vain I consulted the glass; there was, alas! no mistake about it; I was becoming old in looks. Study and confinement had left their unmistakable marks upon me; and though I wore my hair in the most youthful, fashionable mode, and took a variety of precautions, I could not change my skin or smooth my furrows.

On more than one occasion, when seated under our favorite palm-tope, I took the opportunity of reading to her some old Dutch and French tales, in which it was set forth how young maidens had been wooed and won by men much their superiors in years, and how happily these marriages had resulted to both parties. Edith, sometimes, I fancied, looked rather thoughtful and grave at these tales; but they always ended in her thanking me, kissing me, and calling me, alas! her "dear, good old man." And although these words flung across my feelings a sadness I could not altogether conquer, I was still delighted to hear her call me anything, and would not have missed a word from her pretty lips for a principality.

Once during the breaking-up of the north-east monsoon, when the nights are fearfully close and oppressive, when midnight brings no relief from the sultriness of the day, and darkness seems but a mockery of the seasons, dear Edith took a low fever, and remained for some weeks in considerable danger. I believe I loved her more deeply than ever, when, as I watched by her bedside, she would take neither medicine nor food from any hand but mine. She did love me, as I had hoped, at last, there could be no doubt. I could not bear to be absent from her. It was my delight to sit near her, with open lattice, so that the perfume of the roses, the country jessamine, and the Buddhoblossoms could be wafted in by the bland sea-breeze, and I might, whilst I read to her, fan away the troublesome mosquitoes from her face and arms.

I am not sure if I did not feel something approaching regret when my attention was no longer needed, and Edith was pronounced convalescent, for I dreaded lest she should once more address me in her simple but to me chilling words. When she was quite well again, and the weather, so bland and soothing after the fall of the monsoon rains, enabled us once more to resume our strolls to the favorite palm-tope by the river-side, I resolved to open my mind to her, confess my love, and hear my fate from her own lips. Many a turn did we take together through those quiet shaded walks; many a bright sunny afternoon was passed under the grateful shadow of those tall, waving, feathery palm-leaves—I with my book, Edith with her little guitar or her embroidery, half-sitting on the ground, half-resting on my lap. But as often as the words rose to my lips, they died away in fear. Once I began with "Edith, dear!" but could accomplish no more. She waited for me to go on, looked up so sweetly in my face, and asked if she should play to her "dear, good old man!" It

was in vain; I felt I could never say the word; and so, after some weeks of uncertainty and torture, determined to write her.

How many letters I began and never finished, I know not; nor can I say how many were written only to be torn into a thousand pieces. At last, trembling like a guilty child, I despatched my epistle to her. It was after her departure for the day, rather earlier than usual, and I paced my lonely veranda for hours afterwards, giddy with intense anxiety. I could see the path leading across to Edith's cottage, and kept my eyes riveted to it, as though all my earthly hopes were centred to the spot. At last, after I know not how many tedious, nervous hours, the hoped-for yet dreaded reply came. Years have rolled past since that sad night, but the grave alone can efface the remembrance of the tortures I suffered—of the agony and passion that swept from my mind all good, all soft, all righteous feelings.

I must not dwell upon the recollections of that fatal letter, but briefly tell how it dashed the cup of hope from my lips—how it told, in a few words, the love she bore me as her “dear, good old friend”—how she should always love me; but how that I was very silly to think of her other than as my own dear child! It ended, if I remember aright, by saying how frightened she should be to come near me if I did not promise to behave more soberly, as befitted my years.

I must tell all, though to my own shame and sorrow. I must write down how I allowed anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness to take full possession of my mind—how I dreamed of revenge, of malice, of all but what I ought to have felt, and at last called for my hookah, and in savage calmness lit it with the hateful letter. Never before had I been crossed in my smallest wish or desire. I had never been tried by disappointment or sorrow; my life had been unruffled by a single grief or vexation. Having lived on so calmly, I had believed myself to be a philosopher; having done no fellow-creature a harm in word or deed, I fancied I was an exemplary member of society; and having, moreover, never missed attendance at church, except through illness, I flattered myself that I was a devout Christian. Alas! I had never been tried. And now that I was tried—now that I was weighed in the balance, I was found wanting.

I did not give angry vent to my passion; I brooded darkly, miserably over my disappointment. Not for one moment—fool that I was!—did I cherish the thought, that Edith might have written hastily, or over-persuaded by her mother, or that she might relent hereafter, or that the letter might have been intended to test my love for her. I thought not of all this. Anger swept through my breast like a mighty, withering sirocco, blasting and dashing before it every good and gentle thought, every kind and holy feeling. I felt bankrupt in heart and hope, and, in a fit of savage, irrepressible grief, rose up from my ottoman, called my head appo, and bade him pack up my wardrobe, a few books, and other things, and have my bullock-hackery ready to convey me to the fort of Colombo at daybreak.

I summoned my mohandiran in the dead of the night, and told him I was about to travel for a month or two on business; that he must take care of the farm; and that I should depute some friend in the garrison to receive and remit to me the rents and proceeds of my crops. Any one but a Sin-

galese would have been astonished at my sudden nocturnal departure; but an Indian is far too apathetic to be surprised at anything; it would be much too troublesome to him even to feel an interest in anything; and therefore you cannot by any possibility get him into a state at all approaching excitement.

Before the sun had flung his earliest rays upon the waters of the bay, I was within the walls of the gloomy fort, sipping coffee with an old friend of my family. To him I communicated my intention of at once quitting Colombo, and probably Ceylon, for a time, though without hinting at the real cause of my departure. Pride impelled me to conceal the truth, and I merely alluded to a general desire to see a little of the world in the East.

The north-east monsoon was then prevailing, and there was an abundance of vessels in the harbor bound for all parts of the adjoining continent of India within a few days. My impatience, however, could not brook delay. I began to hate the very sight of the fort and harbor, and longed to find myself amongst strangers in a strange land. There was but one small craft about to sail for Trincomalee and Jaffna, in the north of the island; and rather than be bound a prisoner where I was, I at once engaged a passage in this small *dhoney*, and prepared to depart that same evening.

Leaving my affairs in the hands of my friend, I embarked with one small package and a tolerably stout purse; and as the land-wind filled our wide sails, and swept the sharp-built craft through the still, blue waters of the Indian Ocean, I felt relieved from a load of oppression which had before overwhelmed me, and once more found myself able to think of the past and to ponder upon the future. I could not sleep during our little coasting voyage to the north. The nights were moonlight and serene; and the sea was unruffled and hushed like a child asleep; the breezes from the flower-girt shore breathed sweetly, gently past us. All was hushed, and calm, and happy, save myself. I could see no beauty in that bright moonlight, could trace no perfumes in the balmy air. I only looked back upon days gone by, as a happy, glorious past, receding from my vision, shut out by dark, sorrowful clouds, with no ray of hope or happiness to cheer their darkness. I was a miserable man.

Arrived at Trincomalee, I quitted the wretched craft, and determined to wait for some opportunity of crossing to the Indian coast. I did not remain idle, but wandered about the adjoining country, seeking to divert my thoughts from the past by fixing them on new objects. As there were just then no vessels about to sail I journeyed still further, and paid a visit to the Lake of Minerey, an artificial dike of vast extent, erected, it is believed, two thousand years ago, and still in excellent preservation. The water retained by its walls serves to irrigate a tract of otherwise sterile country, and produces food for many thousands of villagers.

Passing on from this, I proceeded to a spot still more interesting, where stand in solitary grandeur the gigantic and beautiful ruins of a once royal city, Pollanarowa. This magnificent place is unknown beyond the immediate neighborhood, being overgrown with low jungle, huge forest-trees, and thickly-twining plants. In the seventh or eighth century, this vast city was built, and for nearly six hundred years the monarchs of Ceylon dwelt there in barbaric pomp.

The wild desolation of the place pleased me not less than its extent and architectural beauties. For some weeks I wandered up and down the vast ruins, the silence of which was broken only by the cry of wild birds. Through pillared palaces, and interminable piazzas, and lofty *dagobas*, I strolled day after day; along the grass-grown streets, some of them many miles in extent, across vast squares, through huge gates, exquisitely and elaborately worked, I wandered and busied myself in contemplating the career of the race that was no longer known, and of whose very names there were even doubts.

But even this occupation palled upon my mind. I felt that I wanted some new excitement, and once more put forth upon the sea, on my way to the Malabar coast. I landed above Allipee, and travelled through the greater part of the maritime country; and by the time I reached Goa, the chief Dutch settlement on that coast, I found that a year had elapsed since quitting Colombo.

After writing to my agent, and staying a brief period in Goa, I set out to the northwards, and wandered I scarce knew or cared whither. Tempted by the beauty of the mountain scenery some miles from the coast, I at length ascended the Ghauts or mountain-gorges by which alone travellers are able to reach the high lands above. A painful and tedious journey of a month took me to the higher point of the Bala-ghauts, or country above the ghauts, at that time quite unknown to white men, and untrodden by Europeans.

The novelty not less than the danger of my position amongst a warlike and jealous race, added to the attractions of my journey. I passed on for some days far into the heart of this rich and populous country; but at the moment when I was congratulating myself upon the ease and safety of my journey, I was arrested by the order of the rajah of the country, hurried across hills, and rivers, and valleys, to the chief city of the state, and at once flung into a dark prison.

How long I remained in this dreadful place I know not; it must have been a whole year, though to me it seemed nearly a lifetime. There was a miserable little stone-yard attached, in which I walked daily, and tried to breathe fresh air. I saw no one but my jailer, who did not understand my language, nor I his.

Here, in this still, calm solitude, a change came over my spirit. I passed leisurely before my mind all the occurrences of the last two years; I reflected more seriously and calmly upon my own headstrong conduct, upon my impatience, and my foolish, thoughtless anger, and felt in that lonely prison all the folly and wickedness of my past conduct. No sooner had I experienced these feelings, so new to me, than an inexpressible longing for home came over me. Now that I was no longer master of my actions, I would have given all I possessed to be once more back at my old, red-bricked, solitary farm, and to learn something of Edith and her destiny, even though that formed no part of mine.

Escape became my sole thought day and night, yet the more I reflected, the more impossible it appeared to me. Sometimes I felt on the verge of despair, again buoyed up with hope, then plunged once more into the deepest dejection. When, however, I believed myself lost to the world, Providence opened to me a way which no human penetration could have discerned.

I frequently amused myself, during the cool of

the evening, by writing on the soft stones of the court-yard wall with a sharp-edged stone, sentences in Pali and Sanscrit, from the sacred books which in happier days had been my close study. I was thus occupied one fine calm evening, when I observed a figure standing near; turning round, I found a Buddhist priest watching my operations with attentive eye. He seemed to be astonished beyond measure as he looked at the many sentences on the wall. At length I broke silence, by repeating some lines from one of the Vedas or sacred books. He uttered something in reply, which was unintelligible to me, and immediately quitted the place. I fancied that I could see in this interview a ray of hope for me, for I well knew the reverence with which the uneducated or half-taught priesthood regard such of their own body as are conversant with the Pali scriptures, and doubtless they would think not less highly of a European propounder of their Vedas.

I was not disappointed. The priest soon returned with a dozen others, and amongst them one whom I knew, by the deeper color of his silken robe, to be their chief. This man addressed a few words of wretchedly bad Pali to me; I replied by a sentence from the writings of Buddha. They seemed greatly astonished, and gazed one upon another. The chief priest put one of the Pitakas or sacred books in my hand, and asked me to read from it. I replied, that Buddha had ordered that work to be read aloud only in the *vihare* or *dagoba*, and not in common places like that prison, at which they were much pleased; and the priest, motioning me to follow him, passed out from that hateful building, and led me across a wide, open, grassy plain to a spacious temple, by the side of a vast lake surrounded by luxuriant fruit-trees and flowering shrubs.

I was now looked upon as a superior being, for it was evident that I knew far more of the Pali books than any of the priests of the place. The best apartment attached to the building was given up to my use. I once more found myself a free man. That night, surrounded by a heathen priesthood, in the midst of stone and wooden images, I fell on my knees, and with uplifted hands and tearful eyes gave thanks to God for this my happy delivery.

The influence of the priests secured my perfect safety. Crowds visited me daily, and some, I doubt not, believed me to be a new incarnation of Buddha himself; priests travelled to converse with me and hear me read; chiefs sent me many presents—in short, I was the lion of the Bala-ghauts. All this wearied me, and my uppermost thought was still of home; at last, I expressed the strong desire I had to return to the low country, and, somewhat to my surprise, the priests at once agreed to forward me by the safest and most rapid mode. Whether this arose from a real respect for me, or that they were glad to get rid of one who drew away public attention from themselves, I know not, but the result was, that at the end of two weeks I found myself once more within the walls of Goa.

There I found letters nearly two years old waiting for me from Colombo, and telling, amongst other things, news which I dreaded to hear. Edith had married, after losing her mother, and was living near the old cottage with her husband. All else of Ceylon had no interest for me. Still, I resolved, so soon as the monsoon should change, and allow vessels to quit that shore, to sail for

Colombo. I had now been absent nearly four years, though I could have imagined it double that time; and before the coast was open for my departure, it seemed as though time was standing still.

I landed in the harbor of Colombo, changed, indeed, since I had last trod its beach, in feeling not less than in appearance, for my long imprisonment had left its mark upon me. I hastened to my home, and, flinging myself into one of the old ebony-chairs that stood where it was wont in happy by-gone days, I am not ashamed to confess that I gave way to a flood of tears.

The old house itself was just as I had left it four years and a half before, but the grounds had been much improved, and the fields well cultivated. For this, however, I had then neither eye nor ear. I asked only for information about Edith and her family, and my heart bounded and beat quickly as I heard that she was a widow, her husband having died eighteen months since, and left her with one infant—a daughter.

Would she see me? How would she receive one whom she had formerly cast off? But my heart was changed now! I had learned to look kindly on everything and every one; and I felt that Edith, if she did not receive me as I most might desire, would at least welcome me as an old and loving friend.

It was evening as I approached her little cottage, across a broad grassy field, and along an avenue of palms. The bland air was mellowed by many a fragrant flower and odorous shrub, and the cool land-breeze wafted sweeter incense from nature's wide altars. What sound is that? softly, tenderly it floats upon the evening breath. A sound of birds, or was it a human voice of song? Again the melody came on sweeter than ever; I should know that sound; I did know it. How my heart beat, and my limbs trembled, and my head swam, and how my eyes filled with tears at that blessed sound! It was the song I had taught her, that I had loved so well to hear her sing. Edith, darling Edith—my long lost Edith—another moment, and I was by her side.

The sweet happiness of that hour wiped away many a sad recollection, effaced the memory of many a wretched month. Edith was changed like myself, for she had had her trials, but she was still lovely; and never more so in my eyes than when she gazed upon me as I pressed her darling little child, a second Edith, to my heart, and wept blessings on it for its dear mother's sake.

I gathered from her in few words that she had indeed loved me, though not aware of how truly until my departure, which had well-nigh broken her heart; how her mother died soon after; and how, having married for a protector, she had at last lost her husband, and since then had been in deep poverty; she charged all this to her own fault. Not a word escaped her lips of my desertion of her; all was forgotten, all was forgiven, and we were once more as of old—happy.

Some years have passed away since I was united to Edith. I have become active and industrious, hoping that I am truly what I once vainly fancied I was—a softened, humble man. I have now but one care—my family, Edith and her darling child. For them I am all things. I rise early and strive hard. The old house has still its old, brightly-shining furniture; but there are sweet, happy voices echoing through those once dreary rooms—bright eyes light up its dark walls—graceful feet trip over its well-polished floors. That house is a house of gladdened, joyous, loving hearts, and may it long be so!

I am now in truth her “dear, good old man,” and I love to hear her call me so. Our darling girl is now about the age at which I first knew her loved mother, with the same graceful figure, the same sweet voice, the same gentle, loving disposition. With her, I am now going through the same course of studies that I once before delighted in—the morning lessons, the afternoon stroll to that dear old palm-top and grassy seat, with the same guitar, the same songs, and the same books, that in days long past gave me so much happiness. All this is again passing before me, but sweeter and more highly prized than ever.

I am now a gray-headed man, and Edith, the woman and the child, both by my side, my love as strong as ever, my hope and faith in good more sure and truthful. Even while I am penning these few last lines in happy thankfulness of heart, our darling little Edith is lying at my feet, with her embroidery-work, her head resting—as in years gone by her mother's head had rested—in my lap. The rays of the setting sun are scattered lightly over her forehead, and playing amongst her waving ringlets, and dancing over her sunny eyes, and round her rosy mouth; and as I pause in my task, and gaze first on the sweet child, and then upon her fond and much-loved mother, I know not which to think the loveliest—the blossom or the bud.

ANOTHER improvement in fire-arms has been made by an American. It is a rifle which can be simply and safely loaded at the breech, dispensing with the ramrod; and which cleanses the barrel at the discharge.

The process is thus described:—“A lever, working in the line of the stock, and forming when down the guard to the trigger, moves forward or backward a slide with a strong iron plate, in front of which, when back, the cartridge is dropped through a slit in the side of the lock. The iron plate becomes, when pushed into its place, the bottom of the breech, the chamber of which thus becomes occupied by the cartridge. In the centre of this plate a small hole is drilled, communicating with the nipple; and the fire of an exploded cap passing down to that hole, immediately finds its way through a perforation in the wad at the end of the cartridge, and ignites the powder within. The perforation in the cartridge-wad corresponds exactly with that in the iron plate; and the

wad itself, which is of sole-leather with the paste-board case of the cartridge attached to it, remains behind in the breech when the discharge takes place, while the conical ball, entering the grooved part of the barrel and taking the required spiral motion, travels upon its way. When the gun is again loaded, the wad left behind at the previous discharge precedes the ball in its flight, cleansing out the passage.” A trial of this rifle took place at Woolwich on the 17th of January, in the presence of Lord Hardinge. A hundred shots were fired in fifteen minutes. Messrs. Moulton and Eustis are the exhibitors.

The commander-in-chief subsequently examined a bullet-making machine invented by Mr. Anderson. It is completely self-acting, and without a single attendant is capable of producing 10,000 Minié balls per hour; and as they are all made by compression, they could not be made more perfect or uniform in the metal than they are by the new machine.

From the Spectator.

THE OXFORD NUISANCE.

IN its practical illustration of the mode in which a peculiar species of constituency works, Oxford has made a valuable contribution towards the data for a new Reform Bill. A more infelicitous and operose experiment, indeed, was never volunteered by any philosophic body using itself as its own *corpus vile*; but it is well to see the problem worked out thoroughly, and to drain to the dregs the cup of very unpleasant experience.

There are two peculiarities in this constituency, which distinguish it from others. In the first place, unlike other constituencies, it has but partially a local existence. Its electors lie scattered in all parts of the country, and it is a work of difficulty to bring them together for the performance of their duty. In the next place, the pertinacious bitterness of the present contest exhibits the University as not only distinct from the community at large, but as utterly opposed to the community in sentiment. It stands confessed as incapable of appreciating those motives which have brought the much more extensive, much more heterogeneous, and in the main much less cultivated community of England, to so judicious and practical an unanimity as to the parliamentary sanction of the new ministry. Oxford University does not understand the juncture as it affects the nation; is incapable of estimating a political necessity as paramount to its own local prejudices or exigencies.

But, indeed, the election has been distinguished by something morally worse than this anti-national feeling. It might have been expected that a special body like Oxford University would have some imperfect sympathy with the public at large; and it might have been pardoned if it had sent into the House of Commons a mere scholar, devoted to University objects, and sitting in the national council as an assessor to represent the interests of erudition. Nay, we can recognize some of the difficulties behind the scenes, in supporting a political Liberal who has been but too much associated with the anti-liberal, anti-reforming, ultra-dogmatic spirit which is dominant in Oxford, and has been tyrannically unfair in University patronage. But, when this learned body comes into the political arena, we find it conducting itself according to the very lowest party motives; adopting the very lowest party tactics; using fraud and equivocation after the fashion of the humblest professional election-agents; condescending, although erudite, to that which is vulgar—although so largely composed of ecclesiastics, to that which is immoral—and although so far recruited from the ranks of our aristocracy, to that which is ungentlemanly.

This great practical experiment suggests the question, whether a constituency like the University of Oxford is one which it is desirable to have? Other learned bodies have been putting forward claims for representation in Parliament, and if one such constituency exists others have an equal right. But the experience of Oxford inevitably suggests the question, whether it is desirable to have such constituencies at all? Instead of multiplying them, perhaps it might be as well to dispense with them. We have abolished constituencies before, but we are not aware that rotten boroughs have cast greater discredit on our parliamentary system than those which bring to the working of the rotten borough a prestige

unduly borrowed from associations of learning piety, and highborn refinement, which have no practical influence on the conduct of the constituency. It is possible, indeed, that if new companions among the constituencies were given to Oxford, a younger and healthier example might counteract, if it did not redeem, the morals of the ancient body; and if the University which descends to us from our early times has learned no better than to aspire after a Perceval in lieu of a Gladstone, possibly there may be newer corporations, with less prestige, that might contribute to the national council minds statesmanlike and enlarged. It really does appear to be a question of excision or of counteraction.

In the mean time, taking constituencies as they stand, this "frivolous and vexatious" litigation furnishes a practical hint to statesmen. It is evident that a party not inconsiderable in numbers, and professing to be in itself the only genuine "Oxford," wants, for its fitting representative, not a first-rate type of the cultivated English gentleman, but a sort of special servant of its own—a lay saint in leading-strings—a churchwarden of the pliant class. It only accepts a statesman, when it does so, as a *pis aller*, or on a presumption that on demand he will act down to the Oxford level. He holds his seat on pain of forfeiture should he act as a statesman. Be it so; but then, it ought to be held in future, that the man on whom falls the visitation of Oxford unanimity, is ipso facto pointed out as disqualified for office. The proper representative of Oxford has no business in office, and the aspirant to office has no business in the seats for Oxford.

Of course we are speaking solely of the University, and not of the city; which in this matter has shown itself thoroughly in harmony with the judgment and feeling of the country and in contrast to the erudite corporation.

The jarring between the interests of the nation and the "obsolete policies" of Oxford University, as she interprets herself, are illustrated in a very practical question. Why should her majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, steward for the nation, go down to ask Oxford University whether he may sit in the House of Commons or not? We have been running a risk of having our finance minister excluded from Parliament because Oxford chose to enjoy the opportunity of raising a sectarian squabble, wholly alien to any question of finance. The incident revives the question, why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should not have a seat in the House of Commons *as such*? The conventional dogma that a minister accepting office under the crown must stand the test of a reelection, is based on a confusion of ideas. The constituency has already pronounced on his merits as *member*; once elected, he is member for all England; and as a minister, it is the express function of the representative chamber to accord to him, or to withhold, the confidence of the entire nation. In going back to his particular constituency, the minister makes no appeal to "the country": that the ministry does as a whole, when it dissolves Parliament; and that appeal would cover the official as well as the non-official seats. When that question has been gazed at long enough by our slow national mind, the bright idea will strike us, that we may as well give it a practical solution. In the mean time, men of the statesman class, enjoying any prestige with Parliament, or with the nation, may learn to eschew the seats for Oxford University; leaving them to fit occupants.

From the Spectator, 221 Jan.

THE MONEY PANIC IN PARIS.

THE present government of France is not only incapable of giving security to property under its influence, but its influence actually menaces the security of property—may, has seriously damaged it. The alarming fall in the price of stocks on the Bourse, which commenced last week and has continued this week with a sudden relapse after a trifling recovery, is a great practical confession, in the language of the money-market, that the government in Paris is not safe. The contraction of the Bank of England discounts last week, succeeded by a fresh contraction this week, corroborates that declaration in Paris by the corresponding declaration of our own money-market, that it is not safe to have financial dealings with France. We may put a broad interpretation upon these eloquent facts, but it is one in the spirit of truth.

The actual state of financial affairs in France, closely connected as they are with the principles of the government both at home and abroad, is in striking contrast with the promises held out some two months back. It is not long since the journals of Paris were boasting of the magnificent improvements in their city. It is not long since the Emperor decreed to himself, through his Senate, a civil list of 1,000,000*l.* sterling. It is not long since he established banks for the aid of agriculture in the provinces of France; and in Paris his bank of movable credit for the purpose of giving new expansion to the operations of the money-market, including a direct assistance in continuation of time bargains; and the extension of railways in France, has in this very week been a matter of boast. France, it was said, had less than 3700 kilometres of railways, while England had more than 11,000; but since the notable 2d of December all has been changed—nearly 3000 kilometres have been added to “the lines already conceded,” and the works are urged on with extraordinary activity.

Now all is changed, however, in other matters also. The credit of the government stocks, to keep up which such great sacrifices have been made, is gone; as the Bourse confesses by its fall of 2 or 3 per cent. last week, followed by a fall of 2 per cent. this week, while the value of railway shares falls 15 per cent. We have known fluctuations not less striking in our own lawful money-market; but there is a context to these “quotations” from Paris, which explains the alarm they excite. The banks of credit are an incubus which the moneyed men of Paris do not like to talk about; and grave fears are entertained even for that well-established institution, the Bank of France. Not without reason. It is observed that while the stock of bullion has decreased, by steady monthly abatements, to the extent of more than 4,000,000*l.* sterling since September, its bills discounted have increased within the same period by nearly 5,000,000*l.* sterling; and this has gone on for four months! The change in the financial aspect of the bank had been preceded by a change in its management that rendered it more pliant under the influence of the highest personage in the state. Worse remains behind. It was reported last week, that a person high in the government—generally understood to be Marshal St. Arnaud—had been deeply implicated in stock-jobbing: the report was denied on authority; but so little credit has the govern-

ment for veracity, that the denial was accepted as a species of circumstantial evidence in favor of the report, and the funds continued to fall in spite of these somewhat undignified efforts to maintain their value. This week another person high in the government, the Duc de Bassano, has been posted in the Bourse as a defaulter; nor does he stand alone.

It is not to be supposed that the whole of the mercantile community of Paris generally is implicated in the illegitimate tamperings with the money-market; but so complicated is the arbitrary government of France with the commercial and social proceedings of its own subjects, that it is impossible to extricate the honest and substantial part of business from that which is dishonest and fraudulent. The state of railway property furnishes an illustration worth pausing upon for a moment. There is no question that the actual increase of traffic in France, supported by the example of England and Belgium, would warrant an expansion of the railway network; which has accordingly been extended, in projects, since the close of last year, by 3000 kilometres—nearly doubling the previous extent. Let us explore one project. The first general meeting of shareholders in the Cherbourg line was held in Paris on Saturday last; several Viscounts and other Directors being present, with Count du Chasseloup-Laubat in the chair. The shareholders were not unanimous, and in the course of the squabbling some curious allegations were made. One was, that the Cherbourg line could not have been established, although it has large subventions from government, without the patronage of the Rouen Company. We notice active at this meeting in favor of the scheme M. Benoist d’Azy, the originator of the amalgamation of lines connecting Paris with the Mediterranean. Now Cherbourg is prominent in the notice of the world at present for uniting several projects of Napoleon III. It is one of those impregnable ports which are to harbor his twenty new line-of-battle ships, with his thirty-three frigates and other vessels, all propelled by screw machinery. It is to be the starting-point for the line of steamers which is to connect Paris, the West Indies, and French Guiana. Now let us review the facts thus brought together: the directors of this railway are directors in other schemes, drawing salaries from each; they obtain certain “concessions” from the government; among the concessions is the Cherbourg line, to be constructed at a present loss; but that line subserves the warlike, steam-navigating, and colonizing projects of Louis Napoleon. Here, then, are commercial men, agents for commercial clients, closely cooperating with the wild schemes of the grand adventurer, and if not incurring a certain loss to obtain that alliance, yet speculating on the success of those schemes for their ultimate return. Judging from the facts stated at the meeting, the entanglement of this commercial enterprise with the government appears to us to be complete. It is no wonder, then, that since government credit is called in question, railway property begins to decline at the rate of 15 per cent. for the first tumble. Of course there are sound railway enterprises; but how is the capitalist, mystified by the proceedings of directors acting in such alliance, to distinguish between the sound and the unsound? This railway example may be applied to other species of enterprise and of property in France.

We are not stating an opinion of our own, we

are simply noting facts that appear on the surface; and if we are citing any opinion, it is that practically expressed by the moneyed men of Paris and London in the quotations at their respective exchanges. A correspondent challenges our fairness, because writing with the announcement of the *Morning Herald* of last Friday before us, proclaiming the "Alarming state of the Bourse, continuance of the commercial panic," we took note of a decline in the value of French stocks, though we had not previously noticed corresponding rises. We should have noticed any rise that had the political importance which this sudden fall possesses. We have not been unobservant of the progressive advance which our correspondent notes in the price of the Three per Cent. Rentes. He tells us, that "on the 24th November, 1851, they stood at 56; on the 24th December, three weeks after the coup d'état, at 66; and under the empire, last week, at 80." But what then! Just before the coup d'état, Louis Napoleon had been filling Paris with fears, and everybody knew that the republican government, though not yet overthrown by arms, was practically dead. After the coup d'état it was at least determined what sort of government there should be; and under the empire, the devices to keep up quotations are the very subject in question. But we are perhaps attaching undue importance to the judgment of a correspondent who, with touching naïveté, signs himself "A Holder of French Railway Shares."

There is no occasion, indeed, to exaggerate the blame ascribable to the present government in France. A disordered state of finance, and uncertain state of property, are inherent in the nature of all transitory governments. A practical instance of their incapacity to convey a reliable title to property is shown in the dispute which has been going on between Englishmen and Americans respecting the title to the land for the Tehuantepec transit; a title which has been ceded to Garray by one government, and to English capitalists by another, so that now nobody knows who is the real owner. The purchase of property in France at the present time may be regarded as the purchase of a probability, and its market-value will depend upon the general impression as to the chances of duration for the present régime; but it is a matter of guess. The dealing in such property is, for foreigners at least, gambling; the natives cannot help themselves; though, if they have judgment, they will trust their capital anywhere rather than in their own country. The very fact that adventurers capable of discreditable dabbings in the public funds hover around the chief of the state, is but another incident of revolutionary and usurping governments. The case is not worse than that of any South American government.

All this is well understood in our own money-market. We doubt whether capitalists are very deeply involved in a direct way. Probably it will be found that none of our principal houses are under liabilities on account of Paris. If ever they had, any such liabilities they have all backed out in time. Capitalists of a minor grade, indeed, may have been unable to extricate themselves from the dangerous connexion; and the most legitimate commercial transactions in France are inscrutably complicated with the most illegitimate. Thus our own houses having any dealings whatever with France, must be prepared for some irregular results. The contraction of our bank discounts must be regarded in great part as a precautionary meas-

ure against the consequences of such connexions. We believe that the extent is proximately known, and that the precaution is sufficient. The financial credit of the French government, or of its clients in the commercial world, is not likely to be enhanced by the fact, that although bankrupt in some of its schemes, it is now resorting to new projects, such as these warlike extravagances and this Transatlantic enterprise in steam navigation. It is no doubt inherent in the nature of such a government, that on the failure of one project it should seek to sustain its influence by resorting to others. But the multiplication of new schemes only tends to corroborate the practical declaration already made in the declining quotations of its Bourse. It is a scheming government, already beginning to show signs of a break-down, and throwing out its hands to grasp some new stronghold. France is a great country, and when she is sinking she is likely to clutch those nearest to her in a manner very dangerous. Under such circumstances, prudent men will stand as far aloof as possible.

The Pársis; or, Modern Zerdustians. A Sketch. By George Henry Briggs. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall. Bombay: Andrew Dunlop. 1852.

The Pársis, or Parsees, sometimes called the Fire-worshippers, are the scattered remnant of that mighty nation who, five hundred years before the Christian era, had spread their dominion from the Hellespont to the Indus. After flourishing for more than a thousand years, they fell beneath the Mohammedan sword at the decisive battle of Navahand, and the Persian monarchy was overthrown. Those who would not conform to the creed of Mahomet were driven forth as fugitives from their native country, and became in the course of centuries scattered among the various nations of the East, and through the islands of the Indian seas. They have preserved, however, their customs, their form of worship, and their distinguishing characteristics. What these are, and wherein they differ from those of other races, we have not space at present to set forth, but must refer the reader to Mr. Briggs' book, where he will find a pleasant and agreeably-written summary of all that is known with certainty respecting them, drawn up by one who from long personal intimacy with them has the best qualifications for the task he has undertaken.—*Tait*.

Letters from Ireland. By Harriet Martineau. Reprinted from the Daily News. John Chapman, Strand.

Miss Martineau has only complied with a very generally felt and expressed desire that her letters from Ireland, published in the *Daily News* in the autumn, should be reprinted. They are reproduced unaltered, and give a rapid account of impressions received and thoughts excited, from day to day, in the course of a journey of above 1,200 miles. We borrowed something from these letters while they were in course of publication, and every one of them contained passages worthy of attention. Miss Martineau, like Mr. Somerville, has long been a successful laborer in the cause of free trade, and both now have their reward in the complete triumph of the principles they espoused, while the foremost statesmen of the day rejected and repudiated them. Both have used their pens to delineate Ireland, and both are successful. The republication of Miss Martineau's letters as a very late description of Ireland, will be universally acceptable.—*Economist*.

From the Examiner, 22d Jan.

THE NEW COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

ALL the fine people in Paris are in a ferment because their emperor has set his heart on marrying a young Spanish lady, Donna Eugenia Montijos, and will not let anybody say him nay. We really do not see why he should. It is his own affair, exclusively. It is for himself, not for any one else, he has experimentalized and succeeded hitherto, and, sensibly enough, he tries it to the end. Why should not a young lady with fair Irish face and Spanish eyes make him an excellent empress, even though her mother's name was Kirkpatrick, and her father's rank no higher than a poor Spanish noble? Of course the upstart imperial family think it another chance against *them*—see in it another barring of the gate which shuts them out from royal amities and dynastic family parties. But what are their miserable vanities to us? And why should not Napoleon the Third, who sees everything from the Napoleonic point of view, argue with some show of reason that, as the uncle fell by marrying in a high quarter, the nephew may stand by marrying in a low one? At any rate, it is no business of ours. All we have to do, knowing nothing but good of the lady, is to wish that she had made choice of a better husband.

But as to the court in which she is about to take her place, that is another affair. Already, since the empire was proclaimed, sufficient is known of the society which has been gathering round it to make public comment busy. A court, imperial or royal, is a dangerous and a difficult thing to get up in such a country as France. Envy of superiors, or of more than one superior, is a national characteristic, and is virulently called forth when any given set of people stand up and assume first place. Louis Napoleon, ensconced in the Elysée, feasting officers, surrounded by guards, riding out quietly, or haunting the houses of obscure intimates, offered little scope for popular criticism or social envy. If the malignant told tales, the public did not care to listen to them. Provided the president made no slip, and kept all quiet, his mode of life was hardly to be called important, for it in no wise affected the honor or dignity of the nation.

It is now very different. An emperor, surrounded by a court, residing in the royal and transparent palace of the Tuileries, so peculiarly built that the public can see every movement of its inmates, is an object of attention and criticism which the president of the Elysée escaped. What manner of life is his? Who are his friends, his guests, his *entourage*? How does he act the great part he has assumed? Is he majestic and ambitious, like Louis the Fourteenth? private and voluptuous, like Louis the Fifteenth? domestically virtuous and respectable, like Louis Sixteenth and Louis Philippe? dominating by high intellect, as well as high position, like Napoleon? Are his ministers clever? Do they influence him, or does he command them? Is the court prodigal, is it honest, is it moral? These are questions hourly asked of the Court of the Tuileries, and which few saw the necessity of putting when they concerned but the inmates of the Elysée.

Instead of taking time, however, and a little pains to meet such questions, to satisfy the curiosity in a manner that should at least not immediately detract from his influence, the new emperor has undoubtedly assumed his dignity, and

entered upon the enjoyment of it, with a reckless frivolity that has injured him even with his partisans. Almost his first act was to hansom his new court, as it were, by an imperial fête at Compiègne. It was costly, but tasteless; most expensive, yet wearisome; not to mention other things said of it, which are better left unsaid. The guests were not persons whom any one would be proud to have met, and the amusements, to say the least of them, were of the most puerile description. The fêtes of Compiègne, in a word, were a complete failure; and the failure of a fête in France, like the failure of a tragedy, recoils sensibly upon the reputation of the author.

At the Tuileries, the balls are brilliant as money, jewels, and dress can make them; the champagne unexceptionable and plentiful; and the eatables such as our Mansion-house might envy. But a list of the guests would be found to exclude every man of service, rank, and talent in the country—at least one might count the exceptions upon five fingers. Nay, people remark that the notabilities of the army are even more wanting at the Tuileries than the great names of any other profession. To see the French army represented at the imperial court by no name more distinguished than that of Magnan, whose rank of marshal in conjunction with his services renders him a laughing-stock, betrays a fatal weakness in what we must regard as the vital point of the imperial system, its military following. The question is also asked whether Magnan himself, and the few general officers who show zeal for the emperor, are really doing it from any feeling of attachment, or whether their loyalty has not been bought and retained at a price which might of itself be more than purchase for an empire.

A court must command respect by something. Versailles was renowned for its antiquity, its wit, and the polished manners of its noblesse. The Court of St. Cloud under the first Napoleon was thronged with military talents and celebrities, with acknowledged heroes and embryo sovereigns. Few courts of any princes, indeed, but have been famed for some enlistment of high intellect among their courtiers. But Louis Napoleon, or Napoleon the Third, seems to have formed a court on the principle of excluding all talent, all birth, all heroism. The most eminent men in the imperial ranks are lawyers. Trop long is a person of ability, and so is Baroche; but law was the last profession to which one would have looked for illustration of the court of the new emperor. For the French public, one is sorry to say, entertains small respect for the legal profession, lowered as it has been in France. A general or an admiral, of real reputation in the service, would be a more important adjunct of imperial greatness; and the aspect of the court, without any such addition, fairly leads to the supposition that the emperor may for the present command the obedience, but neither the confidence nor the enthusiastic support, of the French army.

This utter want of character in the military supporters of the imperial government has been rendered painfully conspicuous by the rumor which recently assailed General St. Arnaud, the war minister. The rumor was, that he had played largely for the rise in the funds expected on the recognition of the great powers, but that the event not answering his expectations, the general lost, and was in consequence threatened with being

exécuté, a phrase which has its synonyme in London. This was only prevented, rumor went on to say, by the emperor's paying one half of the default, and the *agens de change* paying the rest. Hereupon the entire report was formally contradicted in the *Moniteur*, and the probability may have been that the thing was exaggerated into more importance than it possessed; but the *Moniteur's* formal contradiction was a sad error of judgment, for it thus made all France acquainted with a rumor of which the capital alone had been fully cognizant. A public denial on the Bourse by the *agens de change* whose names were mentioned, would have had ten times the effect in rebutting the calumny.

The French army at present is known to have a strong *esprit de corps*, and a determination to hold together, but there are also other and higher sentiments observable in it than those which prevailed in the time of the Emperor Napoleon. The French army generally, we suspect, would be less likely at present than at any former time to enter heartily into an idle war, a war exacted by personal caprice, a war which was not the result of necessity. It requires to be captivated by something of sentiment, and certainly it does *not* look up to a government where it is represented by such officers as Magnan and St. Arnaud. We cannot but greatly doubt, therefore, if a war undertaken by such ministers, for the mere purpose of perpetuating or strengthening their government, would meet with the hearty support of the army at large. Such a war, besides, if carried on with spirit and success, would develop reputations and powers in themselves incompatible with the present arrangement of men and things.

But be all this as it may, for the present the imperial court certainly does not take the aspect of a military one. Quite the contrary; the civilian courtiers and functionaries far outnumber their military brethren, and are more miserably servile and dependent. In the several assemblies where measures and laws are introduced for discussion, such as the council of state and the legislative body, the general remark is, that every one is afraid to speak. There being no public to appeal to or get support from, the emperor and his ministers are alone looked to as the source of promotion or success; but the emperor and his ministers do not prize intelligent counsel, and will not tolerate independent opinions. The consequence is that these have disappeared, and that a debate in the council of state is nothing more than a string of adulatory addresses. No one cares to study, no one attempts to think. The result is not very serious as yet, since every subject brought forward has already been discussed under a constitutional government, has been thoroughly ventilated under a regime of free intelligence. But four years of the present mutism would exhaust that experience, and leave the state to be supported by nothing graver or more competent than the idle and empty set of flatterers who now compose the imperial court.

Nationally and traditionally the French hate a court—what will that hate be as the present experience ripens! What is to become of a court without independent nobility, without eminent statesmanship, formed on the principle of excluding rather than including the eminent men of the army, of commerce, of wealth, of the professions, of letters! What is to become of a court notoriously without honesty, and of which the

members avowedly meddle with the Bourse! What of a court over which high general character and morals are not seen to preside! Such questions as these would never have been asked had a court not been created. Now they are asked and discussed everywhere. It may be judged, then, how much the assumption of the imperial dignity has added to the popularity and power of the chief of the Bonapartes, and in what degree a share in the imperial crown may tend to the happiness of Donna Eugenia Montijos.

From the Spectator.

NAPOLEON AND EUGENIA.

"It was never supposed that a man so cold and calculating as Louis Napoleon would have made a love-match," says not only one contemporary, but that peculiarity babbling fellow, "Everybody."

Now is it "a love-match?" According to any evidence yet advanced, we may set down that judgment as "not proven,"—unless Henry the Eighth's marriages were "love-matches;" and most of us would demur to so coarse an abuse of the phrase. To some lovers of the Don-Juanesque order, marriage—meaning their own, not another man's—is an obstacle; but the more daring do not scruple even to take that five-barred gate. And why not? Don Juan sees a Donna Anna; she pleases him; there are "three courses open to him,"—either persuasion, or the midnight invasion, or matrimony. It would appear that in this instance the persuasive course led to nothing; which does sometimes happen. Midnight invasion could hardly create a scruple in the deep mind of "the Second of December;" but it might not be so pleasing as a matter of taste—it is not every Don Juan that transacts his gallantries in that fashion. Besides, Paris having been procured by midnight invasion, and having, like the victim of the Don Juan of old, had her tongue cut out lest she should talk about her wrongs, variety alone might recommend the third course, matrimony. If it is a mistake, it might be corrected, too, by one who certainly possesses, in his own hand, not less power than the husband of Josephine or of Anne Boleyn.

But, assumption the second, is Louis Napoleon "cold?" Every political arithmetician can see that he is calculating; but who can prove the negative? What evidence is there at all, if not rather in the opposite direction? True, his uncle was in one sense cold, selfishly unfeeling; but there are diversities in families; and his mother, at all events, was not supposed to be of Arctic temperament. True, his countenance is moveless as a mask; but we all know that it is a mask; and we none of us can define that which lies behind it. How often does even a less impenetrable surface deceive! Who could guess the fires of Hecla, save at a time of flagrant activity! And in ordinary society, how often does it happen that the outward aspect is a misleading riddle! Who conjectured Peel's Liberalism, or his warmth of feeling!—until now, *after* the discovery, we can look back and discover the signs which ought to have been sufficient for "any fool" to understand. Who would detect in one of the most graceful song-writers of the day—a gentleman delicate in tongue, manner, and frame, as any that could grace a drawing-room—the puissant pugilist, who has taught the drayman to discern the difference between bigness and "blood!" Look at that still more illustrious, big, smiling, round-

faced, man, rosy-cheeked and gray-haired—an elderly Cupid, “only not handsome”—blandly surveying all things with an air of pleased quiescence, and say if, in him you detect the sharpest satirist which our tongue has known, the most brilliant with the deepest shades, since his uncongenial-congenial model Swift!

Or, leaving public characters, look at that girl, young, slender, frolicsome, playful as a fawn—hear her light laugh, and her agile tongue—and say if under those soft locks, that will not be kept in constraint, there lies deep thought, bitter experience, keen insight; if those lips, soft and fine as the delicatest sculpture in flesh—

Ah! bitter sweet,

A woman's mouth, with all its pearls complete—

can utter harsh truths and master strong formulas? Say if that face, which justifies in every line a wide domestic fame for a temper of unmingled sweetness, is but a lightsome and lovely mask for a vigorous mind, a proud heart, and a strong, independent will, that sits above all around it and possesses itself entire!

Yet such riddles are as common amongst 'us as nuggets in the plains of Victoria. Why then presume that we know all behind the mustachioed mask surmounted by the imperial crown of France, even to the extent of pronouncing what is *not* there?

And why be astonished at the choice of Imperial Napoleon? Is it a sacrifice that he makes? He offered to make one when he proposed to accept any given princess: Mr. Harris and George the Fourth could tell what a sacrifice that may be. He offered to the emperors to be one of themselves, and they would not have him. The outlawry of such a repulsion has its delightful irresponsibilities. Even if an empire were in the scale, Marc Antony can say that there are things more precious than empires. A Spanish blonde, for instance—“the delicatest bit in all Spain:” for your Spanish blonde is no less. With a fascinating manner too; a figure to tempt, not Marc, but Saint Antony; and a smile to lose an empire!

Give me but what this ribbon bound—
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

But *will* it lose an empire? Rather, is it not a picturesque defiance, challenging the sympathy of the world against cruel old Red-tapery, with its heartless tyrannies and its suicidal impotencies? Louis Napoleon has succeeded in borrowing for his romance of real life the interest it lacked; his grand opera has now its prima donna; and the great reader, the world, will almost begin to wish for a “happy ending.”

From the Spectator, 22d Jan.

NAPOLEON'S AMERICAN PLANS.

THE declaration of Louis Napoleon's scribe, M. Granier de Cassagnac, that his master is going to make new conquests by steam-navigation in America, is met by the resolution which General Cass has moved before the American Senate, protesting against any European colonization of America, and by the published correspondence in which the American government rejected the tripartite treaty for guaranteeing the possession of Cuba to Spain.

Mr. Everett has the merit of having set forth very clearly the rationale of the grounds on which his government, while respecting the territorial rights of Spain, will refuse to suffer the acquisition of Cuba by any European power; and in referring to the acquisition of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California, the American statesman shows, that the opinion which assigns Cuba ultimately to the Union, as the key of the Mississippi, is *not* limited to the order of the Lone Star, but it is in fact a *national* opinion. As to the moral grounds, this is no place or time to discuss them; but it is to be remarked that the position taken up by France and England was grossly irrational—an attempt to maintain a decayed and sinking power by a paper bulwark against the march of transatlantic events. Did *France* instigate that revolutionary conservatism? We know not; but we know that she is disclosing fantastic schemes in that region, that she has not those possessions to lose which England has, and that the ruling mind of her melodramatic adventurous Empire is as irresponsible as he is crafty and inscrutable. It was a false alliance for England; and she is far better employed about her old hobby, of chasing slavers and exposing the hollowness of Spanish treaties—idle as *that* work is, has been, and ever will be while it lasts.

We all remember how Granier de Cassagnac wrote the articles menacing Belgium with either a war of tariffs or of cannon, unless the press were restricted; and how, although those articles were denied, the high tariff was imposed, followed by the law against the press in Belgium, and then the return to the old tariff. The same writer has written as follows respecting the colonies and the projected Transatlantic steam company.

The present peace of Europe is producing a new movement analogous to that of the eleventh century, when gentlemen of high birth and great courage went to make a conquest of principalities in Italy, Sicily, Syria, and Greece. The present generation will behold others founded, if not more illustrious, at least more durable, in countries which wait for man in order to enrich him. The government of the emperor, being aware of this new want of men's minds, is studying, preparing, or attempting one of these great projects, which give a new direction to ideas and a new opening to interests. . . . In fine, the government examines at the present moment various propositions made to it for the establishment of three great lines of Transatlantic navigation—one to Brazil, another to the Antilles and the Gulf of Mexico, and the third to New York. Whatever may be the plan adopted by the government, there can be no doubt that this magnificent enterprise will receive a prompt sanction. Thus everything concurs to call the attention of France to America, to solicit for it the aid of her merchants, capitalists, and population, so intelligent and so active. It is thus that France will send forth, not a band of mere adventurers, but men of labor and of prudent speculation. For agriculture, manufactures, and business, it will be a new field to cultivate, and for politics it will be a powerful recipient of all the evil arising from the sentiments and false ideas of the revolutionary pestilence.

As a sign of naval activity in France, we note that there are now building in the dockyards of Toulon, Brest, Lorient, Rochefort, and Cherbourg, twenty ships of the line, eight frigates, and fifteen smaller craft; all to be fitted with screw-propellers.

From the Examiner, 29th Jan.

THE CONQUEST OF NAPOLEON III.

THE French emperor's declaration of love is an elaborate and highly varnished version of the homely saying, "sour grapes." The fox had jumped in vain at a royal alliance, and now he discovers that the highest interests of France required his disappointment. "The alliance which I contract is not in accord with the traditions of ancient policy, and therein is its advantage;" but it is notorious that he had sought an alliance which would not have had this advantage, and that he did not discover the position which truly becomes him till the false one had been refused him. He says well:—

When in presence of old Europe one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon (*envieillissant son blason*), and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a family, that one is accepted. *It is rather by ever remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly in presence of Europe the position of parvenu*—a glorious title when one obtains it by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus, obliged to depart from precedents followed to the present day, my marriage became a private affair, and there remained only the choice of the person.

This manly argument should have stood alone as all-sufficient. The effect is impaired by the previous retrospect, in which the foreign princesses raised to the French throne in the last seventy years are passed in review, and condemned as failures, whose unfortunate examples have begotten a superstitious feeling in the people against such alliances. If it be remembered that foreign princesses have only mounted the throne to see their race dispossessed or proscribed by war or by revolution, it is also not forgotten that the amiable woman who was an exception to the rule of blood was no exception to the common fate of misfortune, unthroned, unwed, at the pleasure of her imperial master. And the emperor alludes to the marriage to which the amiable Josephine was sacrificed as a great event, a pledge for the future, and satisfaction to the national pride, the house of Austria having solicited the alliance of the elected chief of a new empire. In what did it prove a pledge for the future? In five years the empire was a wreck; and not for one hour had the alliance bound the Emperor Francis to the fortunes of the son-in-law, whose ruin he helped to hasten without compunction. Then for the satisfaction to the national pride, did it require this upstart sort of homage after the repeated triumphs of its arms, placing the very existence of Austria at the conqueror's mercy, and subjecting her to any terms it was his pleasure to dictate? It is in vain to attempt to gloss one of the most impolitic and unworthy passages in the life of Napoleon, and the attempt only blurs and disfigures the new emperor's statement. With similar indiscretion the marriage of the Duke of Orleans is characterized as offensive to the *amour propre* of the country, and the prince represented as an unsuccessful fortune-hunter, constrained at last to accept an alliance of secondary rank, and with the disadvantage of difference of religion. Surely there should be some fellow-feeling here, and the emperor should be prepared to acknowledge that the disappointment of the most ambitious matrimonial views may be attended with the happiest

result in a humbler choice. But the malignant temptation to gird at the House of Orleans could not be resisted even on this occasion, which called for all the amiabilities and generousities, so true is it that the injurer never forgives. The omission of all this would have been dictated by either good feeling or good taste. The topic that follows would have taxed the nicest tact—the merits of the choice. Imagine an English monarch's choice of a wife brought before Parliament, and recommended as a measure æsthetic, economic, and politic. And Louis Napoleon has not the convenience of ministerial exposition, but has as lover to explain to the senate the merits of his choice, and to discuss an affair of the heart as an affair of state.

He begins with her birth, then goes to her heart and education, which he pronounces French, then passes to her nation, in which, being it seems of the frugal mind of Mrs. Gilpin, he finds this advantage, that she will not have in France a family to which it might be necessary to give honors and fortune. She is thus recommended as a good bargain. Surely this consideration of the cheap might have been as gracefully spared.

He concludes with a confident hope that his affianced will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine. The model is somewhat inconsistently chosen after the reference to a consideration of economy, for the consort of Napoleon was extravagant to a vice, and her warm, affectionate nature only made her regime the more disorderly.

The concluding passage seems to us the climax of bad taste:—

Soon proceeding to Notre Dame, I shall present the empress to the people *and to the army*; the confidence they have in me assures me of their sympathy, and you, messieurs, on learning better to appreciate her whom I have chosen, you will allow that on this occasion also *I have been inspired by Providence*.

A bride's presentation at barracks is an idea not the most delicate or dignified. It may be said, however, that the army must be the most competent critics of Napoleon the Third's conquest. The eagle he gave them is to judge of his dove. Were twenty years off his head we might apply the lines:

Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,
By wit, by valor, and by wisdom won,
The first and fairest in a young man's eyes,
Is woman's captive heart.

But this trophy is hardly the trophy for a middle-aged master of legions, and the conquests of the other Napoleon were more to the taste of the gentry of the sword.

The intimation to the senators is hardly gracious, that they will come in time to appreciate better than they now do Eugénie Countess of Téba. and allow that on this occasion also the emperor had been inspired by Providence. Is not the senate always ready to allow that? If not, what are they good for? Are they not ready at all times to accord him divine honors? Why could not his Imperial Majesty suppose his senate as good judges of his bride as the army, to whom he had only to present her to be sure of acceptance? But who dare to be displeased on such an occasion? As King Arthur in *Tom Thum* proclaims:

The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
That he may have no head to frown withal.

And so far as we can learn, there is no reason for frowning, and the choice really does the empe-

for more credit than the reasons he assigns for it, the countess of Téba being, as we are informed, a person of very superior intellect, as well as a very pretty and pleasing woman. She is said to be somewhat eccentric and wayward, but any sort of originality and earnestness are often misunderstood and condemned under these terms.

We cannot, like some of our contemporaries, build hopes of a reformation from this union; we do not expect the fable of the lion in love to be brought to life, and that Louis Napoleon will part with his teeth and claws to please his bride; yet there is much importance in this marriage in our view, inasmuch as it is the first departure from the most servile copy of the actions of Napoleon. In this instance, for the first time, the nephew takes the uncle's example for warning, not for imitation or parody, and corrects one of the cardinal errors of his life and policy. The weakness of Napoleon was his hankering for the brotherhood of kings, and his vulgar taste in the court furniture of fine names. The dynasties he trampled on and humbled he truckled to in turn, his homage following their abasement to the very dust. He conquered only to stoop to those he conquered. He treated kings as certain savages treat their idols, scourging them, and then falling down to worship them. The nephew, in contracting this suitable alliance, asserts higher principles of conduct; and as he has departed from the family model in this instance, we may begin to entertain the hope, that in other respects in which we have apprehended a parallel he will see the wisdom of profiting by the lessons of experience, and of adopting wiser counsels than those which brought his uncle to end his days on the rock of St. Helena.

But, on the other hand, it must be observed that the avowal of the *parvenu* condition is pushed to a pretension of distinction, not designed or calculated to please the legitimate dynasties. There is spirit in the assertion, and not a little of the spirit of affront. There is truth, but flourished as a sword to wound. It is intimated to the legitimate dynasties that despotism is not their exclusive possession, that it may come from below as well as by descent, and be amongst them, their mate, without kin with them, with the might and pride of the upstart *terre filius*, not of long traditions and ancestry. Revolutions have hitherto served as the bugaboo of the old governments of the continent, as illustrating the excesses of ill-regulated freedom; but here they see springing from revolution a power as irresponsible and arbitrary as their own, signifying to their people that if despotism be good there are other ways of obtaining it than by the accidents of birth, or that a King Log having been sent down by Jupiter a King Stork may be called in by election. The interloper in despotism is not content with thrusting himself in, but he must shake his elective title in the faces of those who claim the right divine. There is probably more temper than purpose in this, it may be an ebullition of pique at slighted advances, but pacific in its tendency it is not.

We must, then, hold with Touchstone's course of reasoning, that it is good inasmuch as it is a departure from the model of Napoleon, or rather a reversal, and that it is naught, as it savors of offence to the continental powers. And regarding the interests of our country, we compound for the thing with that set-off, believing that some estrangement between France and the Northern

Powers is no bad security for peace between us and our neighbors. We do not mean that we could escape a war if France were to plunge Europe into one, but that France, without amity with, and the countenance, open or secret, of the northern powers, could not rush into a war with England.

The *Assemblée Nationale* has a very remarkable article, controverting the emperor's pretensions to the character of a *parvenu*, and disputing the policy and consistency of his avowal.

A *parvenu* is, as it appears to us, he who from the rank of a simple sub-lieutenant of artillery comes to surround his forehead with the imperial band after passing over as a conqueror the battle-fields of Italy and Egypt. But when it is the illustration of a great name and the prestige which that name exercises on the imagination of a whole people which have placed the crown on the head of a prince, he cannot call himself a *parvenu*. What strikes us in the speech which we have now under examination is that the traditions of old policy, always hitherto followed, even through the storms of revolutions, appear to be now abandoned. We have also asked ourselves why the chief of the state proclaimed that he will not be less strong, since he will be more free; and why he adds that the new empress will be the ornament of the throne, as in the day of danger she will become one of its most courageous supports. There are, however, dangers in the future! There are, therefore, struggles to foresee, since forces are calculated and mention made of courageous support. Is the speech of the 22nd of January in unison with that of Bordeaux? The latter a few months since told Europe "*l'empire c'est la paix*." The speech of the 22nd of January also addresses monarchical Europe in speaking to France, and says, "The empire is a new principle, a principle contrary to yours; it is the rupture with all the traditions of old policy." We know it, but it is the first time that this truth has appeared clearly to every eye. We, therefore, are not surprised at the serious impressions which on this subject have passed through people's minds.

Too much importance is obviously here assigned to a phrase intended to turn a sentence antithetically, for the emperor cannot be supposed to have seriously meant to reckon upon his affianced in a warlike capacity.

As for the rupture with the traditions of the old policy adhered to in the storms of revolution, we have to remember that the policy of Napoleon, which his nephew now renounces, was a policy which kept England armed to the teeth for the preservation of her very existence. His desire to enter into the brotherhood of kings, and to restore the prestige of aristocracy, served materially to help him in the combinations he formed against this country. May we not then reasonably hope for an opposite result from an opposite policy!

From the Spectator, 29th Jan.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S DECLARATION.

THE manifesto of Louis Napoleon on announcing his marriage, is not only important as a political fact, but also as an elucidation of character; and in both respects it assigns to the speaker a more recklessly adventurous disposition than he had ever yet disclosed to the world. He not only accepts the isolated position, but is prepared to array himself against all who stand in his way. That which reads as so smooth a composition, so adroitly fitted to the actual circumstances of the

day, is full, not only of self-will or passion, but of old grudges, or threats of revenge. In the sneer against attempts to throw over an escutcheon the tint of antiquity, he sets at defiance not only the legitimacy which avoids him but all trimming policies. In the ferocious frankness with which he confesses that he has been seeking alliances with royal houses, and that he has discovered the mistake of the first Napoleon in accepting the alliance which Austria sought, he does more than retort the repulses he has had from the old royalities. The grapes may be sour, but instead of idly repining he can really threaten those who refused him. In the allusion to the *mésalliance* of the late Duke of Orleans with a Protestant princess of minor rank, he satisfies at once the Catholic prejudices of the majority by whom he is supported and his own grudge against the last regal house. He speaks like one prepared to draw his sword and to wield it fearlessly against every power that can be brought against him; and not only to do so, but to declare his intention with an outspoken defiance beforehand, almost courting aggression. His bearing is that of a man afraid of no power on the face of the earth; and the man who is without fear is one of the most dangerous to be encountered by all adversaries who have anything to lose.

The composition is in his old style, though it is a more masterly production than any that we remember to have seen from the same hand. With considerable neatness, it brings together a goodly show of the recognized truths which are at present current as political capital in France. The skilful employment of cant in the bold recognition of the position of parvenu, will please the vast majority of the French people by whom he is supported. The pretence that "the suffrages of a great people" are "free," is a transparent falsehood, which nevertheless has its flattery. The allusion to Josephine, "the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte," conciliates all the prejudices both of people and of bourgeoisie. In proclaiming his wife as a Catholic, he conciliates the clergy; and in "presenting her to the people and the army," he confirms the allegiance of the two powers, latent and active, which must be his great instruments. Most of these allusions embody well-known truths; but, as is customary with the writer, they are truths used for the purpose of falsehood. He relies on fact against others, to use as fiction for himself.

It is to be remarked, however, that both the position and the document are drawn from the immediate occasion, and are devoid of precedent. In this they will have a great part of their charm for the French people. They are "a novelty" for the season, and the fashion, no doubt, will take for the day. But this peculiarity is notable chiefly as throwing light upon his character. It has been supposed that Louis Napoleon acts uniformly on settled and inexorable plans; the occasion and the document refute this old idea. Confessedly, down to yesterday he was seeking an alliance, in the ordinary fashion, with the royal houses; and if, in taking up a totally new course, he shows his invention and fertility in resources, he also shows that there is no continuity in his plans. We may suppose that the man who can so suddenly transfer his affections from a princess of legitimacy to a beauty of romance—who can at once transfer his faith from the established alliance to the naked device of adventure—must be a man of shifting councils. The affair of Boulogne was a mad escapade after all and was not part of the imperial success.

It does not follow that Louis Napoleon is a man of unsettled purpose. He is a sportsman riding a steeple-chase, who has one object in view, and, perhaps, a plan for surmounting the next fence, but he is ready to change his run if the brake prove to be impracticable. In this may lie as much chance of success as of danger. His attempt to consolidate himself as part of the royal system of Europe has evidently been a failure; but the offer to lead the French nation in a career of romantic adventure—to improvise incidents—to realize an unwritten romance of Alexandre Dumas, with the French people as participants in the drama—is an invention which may probably meet with a national response; and the denouement may be not less conciliatory to the pride of the individual actors in that immense chorus, that vast corps de ballet, than it will be dangerous to the royal audience of potentates, diplomatists, and "party of Order," who may find their own theatre royal burnt about their ears by the feu-de-joie of the grand-finale.

From the Times, 25th Jan.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

History supplies but few instances of many States, politically distinct, yet linked together by a perfect community of race, of language, of customs, and social institutions. Those few instances, however, have been very remarkable. The most prominent, if not the only, up to modern times, have been the Greek and the German races, both of them under some mysterious law, which made a common character itself the stimulus of separation and dispersion. Each of these races has performed a great part in the economy of civilization, which would not have been so well performed had their genius tended more to political unity, to perfect uniformity of laws, to conquest, or any other form of national egotism. Conquerors and statesmen not less able and successful have endeavored time after time to construct out of the copious and splendid materials around them a Greek or a German unity, but the grander the attempt the more conspicuous the failure; and Greek and German to this day remain the names of races, not of States. Both these great instances seem likely to be eclipsed by one which bids fair to occupy the same prominent place in the history of the whole world as the Hellenic race did in that lesser world which was limited to the shores of the Mediterranean. The English language, carrying with it no small part of the genius and traditions of this country, is the dominant tongue of North America, of Australia, and many other regions which may one day be the seats of populous and powerful States. At present no other language and national character present the same appearance of diffusion and propagation. Germans and French, not to speak of lesser nations, are absorbed and assimilated into the great English staple of the United States. Indeed, the day is not far distant when the language we speak will be the chief medium of communication throughout the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian, and the Southern oceans; and wherever the weary emigrant seeks to rest the sole of his foot, he will find himself compelled to change the language of his fathers for that of Queen Victoria and President Fillmore. Disappointed, then, as we are of unity and conquest, we are at least sure of seeing our race the most numerous, the most diffused, the most powerful in the world, and of

exercising an influence far beyond the scope of emperors and czars, beyond the reach of cabinets, and the organization of armies. Whatever may befall the community that peoples these little isles, it will be a consolation that wherever we go, whether following gain or flying oppression, we shall everywhere find our own countrymen, hear our language in every port, and everywhere discover that we have changed the clime, but not the generous freedom, the industry, the literature, the worship of our own native land.

It is the prospect of these expanding and strengthening affinities that imparts so much interest to the mutual hospitalities shown by British and American citizens to the diplomatic representatives of the sister States. We have lately seen not only the British minister, but also a distinguished merchant of this metropolis, magnificently entertained at more than one city of the United States, and it is now grown up into a custom, not easy to be broken, that the American minister should receive here a like welcome at our own principal seats of commerce and manufacture. London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities, as occasion may offer, afford the American minister an opportunity of hearing and returning the expressions of that confidence and friendship, and that sense of a common interest, which are felt by every rational person on both sides of the Atlantic. Nor would these festivities be so popular, or the speeches then delivered be listened to with such interest, were it not for the almost business character of these occasions. A mere interchange of political sentiment between two nations, with little to bind them beyond mutual respect and affection, might have a poetical character, but would never grow into a custom. It is that business character, that evident prospect of advantage, that constant reference to commercial affairs, which deprives these festivities of a sentimental character, but also gives them a far more sensible and enduring significance. In truth, these international banquets celebrate not a sentiment, but a fact; not a name, but a substance; not an historical recollection, but a future full of promise. Ever since the epoch, so deplorable in the eyes of politicians, which violently removed the United States from the legal pale of this realm, the actual connexion between the mother country and her Transatlantic colonies has been closer and closer. It has now attained to a pass that our Georgian statesmen never dreamt of. The relation of England to Scotland or Ireland, of the metropolis to the provinces, of towns to counties, is not more intimate and beneficial than that of the British Isles to the United States. The vast and fertile territory there brought under cultivation by our kinsmen supplies our increasing population here with the materials of labor and the means of existence, without which they must have long ceased to increase and multiply. We contribute the bone and sinew, without which the planter and the colonist would never have had encouragement to penetrate the interior, to cut down the forest, to drain the swamp, and cover half a continent, in one brief generation, with a network of railways and telegraphic wires.

It used to be said that if Athens and Lacedæmon could but make up their minds to be good friends and make a common cause, they would be masters of the world. The wealth, the science, the maritime enterprise, and daring ambition of the one, assisted by the population, the territory, the war-

like spirit, and stern institutions of the other, could not fail to carry the whole world before them. That was a project hostile to the peace and prosperity of mankind, and ministering only to national vanity. A far grander object, of more easy and more honorable acquisition, lies before England and the United States, and all other countries owning our origin and speaking our language. Let them agree, not in an alliance offensive and defensive, but simply never to go to war with one another. Let them permit one another to develop as Providence seems to suggest, and the British race will gradually and quietly attain to a pre-eminence beyond the reach of mere policy and arms. The vast and ever-increasing interchange of commodities between the several members of this great family, the almost daily communication now opened across, not one, but several oceans, the perpetual discovery of new means of locomotion, in which steam itself now bids fair to be supplanted by an equally powerful but cheaper and more convenient agency—all promise to unite the whole British race throughout the world in one social and commercial unity, more mutually beneficial than any contrivance of politics. Already, what does Austria gain from Hungary, France from Algeria, Russia from Siberia, or any absolute monarchy from its abject population, or what town from its rural suburbs, that England does not derive in a much greater degree from the United States, and the United States from England? What commercial partnership, what industrious household exhibits so direct an exchange of services? All that is wanted is that we should recognize this fact, and give it all the assistance in our power. We cannot be independent of one another. The attempt is more than unsocial; it is suicidal. Could either dispense with the labor of the other, it would immediately lose the reward of its own industry. Whether national jealousy, or the thirst for warlike enterprise, or the grosser appetite of mercantile monopoly attempt the separation, the result and the crime are the same. We are made helps meet for one another. Heaven has joined all who speak the British language, and what Heaven has joined let no man think to put asunder.

From the Times, 4th Feb.

MR. COBDEN'S WAGER.

LET orators beware. There is a race of men who are never so happy as when they can take a braggart, as they think him, at his word. What is poetry to one man is prose to another, to be interpreted by the rules of etymology and grammar. Mr. Cobden has been guilty of a figure of speech, and finds himself saddled with a promissory note of enormous dimensions. Rather unnecessarily, we think, he doubts the sincerity of those who talk of an invasion; so, the other day, at the meeting of the peace conference, at Manchester, he proposed to apply a pecuniary test to the sincerity of a gentleman who professed to think invasion probable. He was ready, he said, to enter into a bond to pay him 10,000*l.* in the event of an invasion, on the other gentleman undertaking to pay a shilling a week to the Manchester Infirmary till the same date. This was a mistake. It was not in Mr. Cobden's proper vein. There was too much of a sporting character about it. But wise or unwise, Mr. Cobden offered these

odds, and, though the first gentleman named seems to have fought shy, Lieutenant-General Brotherton has jumped at the offer, and nailed the rash man of peace. Cobden acquiesces with a very good grace, and takes credit to himself for doing so gratuitously, and out of the letter of the contract. He only makes a not very important modification, on an alleged ground of delicacy to the feelings and honor of the soldier. Should an invasion be merely attempted, then, by the original terms of the offer, which speak of an actual and so far successful invasion, the gallant general would be distracted between his duty to keep out the foe and a natural desire to touch the 10,000*l*. So this sum is now to be paid in the event of an invasion being so much as attempted, and of course before the general can have been placed in this painful embarrassment between his personal interest and his public duty.

The presumed necessity of this modification shows that the bet is an improper one; strictly speaking, more improper on the part of the general than that of Mr. Cobden. The former a man with her majesty's commission, and specially bound to do all for the peace and happiness of his country, makes a public bet that France will attempt to invade England. It is now the general's interest to provoke France to the attempt, if he could be accessible to such a motive, or France so easily moved to such an act. This antagonism of interests should never be created wantonly. George Selwyn and a friend were looking out of the windows of White's, and saw a man fall down in a fit. The former betted 10*l*. that the man would not recover, and his friend accepted the bet. While the man's life and the 10*l*. trembled in the balance, a doctor came up and proposed to bleed the sufferer. Selwyn exclaimed that this was unfair, as it altered the odds. Cobden, of course, is under no temptation to such inhumanity; but he places himself under another temptation—viz., that of enduring every insult, and conceding every demand, in order to postpone the forfeiture of his bond. His friends will smile at the idea of his being capable of this baseness. Then, why import the love of money into the question at all? Why not leave it as it stood—a simple appeal to patriotism?

But is this really a true statement of the odds? Fifty-two shillings a-year for life, or any indefinite period, may be called fifty pounds, which makes the supposed odds 200 to 1 against the attempt of invasion. Now, we really do not think that this ratio represents the several probabilities of Napoleon III. abstaining or not abstaining from so foolish a design. It is confessedly a personal question. What will the emperor do, or not do? He may have no wish for war. He may see clearly that his interest is peace. He may dread being superseded by a real Bonaparte. He may prefer other ways of spending the resources of France. But the less stable his power, the more is he liable to be reduced to the last card of war, declared, perhaps, by the act of invasion. We all see how the French allow themselves to be tempted on from one excitement to another, and how necessary continual novelty is to their existence. We see how entirely all other considerations are merged in the stimulus of an agreeable or disagreeable surprise. Were a war proclaimed, and an invasion attempted, the French, if ever so dissatisfied before with their King Log, would, at all events, wait for the result, and give him a longer

lease of power. There are legitimists who aver that Charles X. might have died King of France had he found an occasion for war with this country. There are Orleanists who aver the same of Louis Philippe. There are Bonapartists who hold that war is the normal relation of the two countries, and Napoleon's only real tenure of power. So absurd an idea may have little influence in peace and in safety; but when Napoleon III. feels his throne begin to totter he may then remember the spell which so many false prophets have assured him is the secret of empire. Now, we ask, is it 200 to 1 that he will never, under any circumstances, feel this necessity, and how to it? We will not give our own estimate of the odds, nor is it necessary. If the chances are only 10 to 1, or 20 to 1, that a suspicious neighbor will not attempt a burglarious invasion of one's premises the first time that the condition of his own affairs, the darkness of the night, and the state of the domestic defences conspire in favor of the scheme, that comparative security will be held as little better than insecurity, and we shall look to our bolts and bars and our firearms as much as if we had certain information of an attack this very night. Yet 10 to 1 is, at least, much nearer the truth than 200 to 1. Of course, we must respect Mr. Cobden's confidence and sincerity. We are, however, most of us running very much the same risk. In case of an invasion all holders of funds and other stocks would suffer a great depreciation of their property. Yet we sit still, only "praying and keeping our powder dry." The truth is, we do not so much calculate the chances as shut our eyes to the possible calamity; and that, probably, is the true account of the feeling under which Mr. Cobden has offered these wild odds against the attempt of invasion.

From the N. Y. Times.

SLAVERY IN CUBA.

THE acquisition of Cuba was first urged upon the attention of the country by public men who were known to be identified with the South and its institutions. Of late there has sprung up in that section of the Union a warm and well-organized opposition to the project; and, at about the same time, we find it commending itself to the favor of the "Free Democrats" in Congress, so far as we have any indications from them upon the subject. This singular reversal of opinion gives rise to one or two interrogatories, the answers to which, if we mistake not, involve some facts not generally known to the American people, and of more than ordinary interest at the present juncture.

African slavery is eminently an institution of Cuba. The whites compose but a small proportion of her population; and her labor is performed exclusively by slaves. Her sugar-fields, which yield the wealth of her freemen, are cultivated by slave labor alone; and if the island is desirable at all for its productions, these productions must, for a long time to come, be the fruit of the black man's toil. How happens it then that men, who, a year or two since, rallied under the motto of "no more acquisition of slave territory,"—and who still declare their determination to resist the increase of slave power generally—are now in favor of the acquisition of the Sugar Island? There is less inconsistency in these ap-

parent contradictions than might be supposed at first glance.

The African slave trade, held by the whole civilized world to be piracy, and deserving the same punishment that is accorded to the banditti of the seas, continues to be carried on with Cuba, under the very eyes and by the connivance of the Spanish authorities there. Annex this island, extend over it the laws of the United States, with its power to sustain them, and the infamous traffic must cease forthwith. It is this hope which renders Cuban annexation desirable to many opponents of slavery; and it is one in which our entire people will heartily sympathize.

But slavery in Cuba is quite a different institution from that which exists in our southern states. Spanish law, so oppressive in many respects towards free subjects, seems to have been especially regardful of the rights of the slave population, as will fully appear from the statement of a few of its provisions. In Cuba the slave has always the liberty of changing his master, or purchasing his freedom; while with us his sale or his emancipation is altogether within the control of the master. There the freedom of the slave child may be always secured by the payment to the master of \$25 on the day of christening. If the master neglects this ceremony until the slave becomes of age, still the rule holds good:—he is compelled by law to part with his property upon its christening, on the payment of the sum named.

If a slave, by good fortune in a government lottery, or by industry and prudence, is able to amass one hundred dollars of his own, he has the right to demand of his master to state the price for which he shall be allowed his freedom. The usual price of an able-bodied man is about \$500. If the master refuses to set a price, or charges a sum which the slave considers exorbitant, he cites the master before the *Sindico Procurador General*, who estimates the value of the man and declares the price for which he shall be permitted to purchase his liberty. In all such cases, the *Sindico* is quite sure to name a price less than would be generally conceded a fair one; and, consequently, the matter is generally agreed upon between the master and slave without reference to the magistrate. The price once fixed can never be increased. If the slave is valued at \$500, and pays his master \$100, he is then said to be *cuartado* for \$400, and has the right to select his own employment and employer anywhere within his district, paying four fifths of his earnings to his master—the latter providing him with all the necessaries of life. If he pays \$200 or \$300 on his price, his master collects three fifths or two fifths of his earnings, the slave having the remaining two fifths or three fifths to himself to devote to the completion of his emancipation.

The government lotteries to which we have made incidental allusion are largely patronized by the blacks. They are conducted in perfect good faith; and the tickets are very low—the grand object being to give the slaves opportunity to purchase freedom. By this means a negro often obtains the means to purchase himself at once, much to the joy of his fellow-servants—all of whom have an occasional holiday to attend in person the drawing of the lotteries. The slave who has in hand what he supposes to be a fair price for his liberty goes to his master, offers it to him, and becomes free on the instant. If any difference arises as to terms,

reference is had at once to the *Sindico*, who, as in the former case, fixes the price—and from whose decision there is no appeal.

So, also, if a slave considers himself overworked or in any other manner harshly treated by his owner, he has never-failing redress. He goes to the *Sindico*, makes oath to the facts, and receives a certificate fixing his value, and giving him three days in which to find a new master who suits him better and is willing to pay the price. This provision of law operates well on both master and slave. The former, fully aware that the *Sindico* will put a low price on the slave if discontented, is led to treat him well; and the slave is spurred to industry and made tractable and well-behaved from the consideration that if he is not so, he will be looked upon as a worthless creature, and will be unable to change masters should he desire it, because none would be willing to purchase him.

These are some of the laws and customs which greatly modify the practical character of slavery in Cuba. They tend to curtail the power of the masters, and to facilitate emancipation. And as Cuba, if annexed, would unquestionably retain the right of local legislation, these laws would remain substantially unchanged. It is quite natural, therefore, that those at the South, whose views of national policy are governed entirely by its bearing upon slavery, should be unwilling to have a state added to the Union in which the institution exists in so modified a form:—while the opponents of slavery may very well favor its accession on account of the influence it would be likely to exert upon the condition of the slaves in the other Southern States. It is known, also, that many of the influential planters of Cuba are in favor of gradual emancipation: "Freedom to every child born of slave parents after a given date, and total emancipation to all who survive twenty-five years," was the spirit of a toast given a year or two since at a dinner of wealthy planters in Havana; and such is believed, by many who are well-informed, to be the view of a large portion of those Cubans in whose hands at some day will rest the destiny of slavery in their native isle. In these facts and opinions may be found a rational explanation of the change of position in regard to Cuba, which has taken place within the past year, between the North and South.

THE CUBAN TREATY.

NEARLY all the London journals contain laudatory articles respecting the course pursued by the United States government in relation to the Cuban treaty as proposed by Lord Malmesbury and M. de Turgot. The *Times* says:—

To ask the United States never to buy, never receive, never accept this island, is simply folly. All we can do, or expect, or hope, is that their government will not abandon those great landmarks of public law arising out of the immutable principles of morality and justice, or disregard the lighter but useful rules of international equity, to acquire even such a prize. All foes of slavery in America, too, will hope that Cuba may not be annexed. Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Everett have not lost sight of the laws of nations in this case. It remains to be seen whether Gen. Pierce and his cabinet will follow their excellent and admirable example.

The *Inquirer* says:—

Mr. Everett used his opportunity to the uttermost. He was clearly in the right. Looking merely to the

treaty as proposed to him, he was perfectly entitled to say very little about the piratical expeditions, and argue the question on general principles, whether America ought for all time, and under all circumstances, to be debarred from holding Cuba, and whether the precious equivalent offered by France and England was worth her having. His letter to M. de Sartiges is not in the style which we are accustomed to hear diplomatic personages use in Europe. Eloquent, argumentative, and historical it is; sometimes running into disquisition; always open, like everything American, to the charge of being turgid. But the quality which makes it striking in our eyes is the distinctness, the frankness, and the boldness with which it asserts American claims, enunciates the rules of American policy, and vindicates American principles. After a striking *résumé* of the progress of the power of the United States, the gradual elimination of the French and Spanish rule from the American continent, and the annexation of Texas (of which Mr. Everett's opinion is that "there never was an extension of territory more naturally or justifiably made"), the writer continues.

No doubt this is all admirably reasoned. But why was occasion given to Mr. Everett to read us such a lecture? The Executive of the States had already given assurances of its determination to put down every unauthorized attack upon Cuba. Could it be supposed for an instant that the President would fall into Lord Malmesbury's trap, and concede more than we had the least right to claim, in order to give the semblance of a guarantee for the fulfilment of his previous assurances? By no means; and the proud republic, secure in her isolation and her power, is not slow to let the whole world see the position which she is disposed to take. Lord Malmesbury cannot maintain international law by such means. The question for him to consider was, how far England was bound to compel the United States to fulfil their President's assurances with regard to Cuba, in the event of their showing an opposite disposition. Mr. Everett's language on this head is quite satisfactory, and we sincerely hope that no such question as that alluded to may ever come practically before an English cabinet. We think it right, however, to draw attention to the various transactions in which Lord Malmesbury has been concerned as they come to light, that when he is again a candidate for power the character of his past performances may be duly estimated; and we think it no unfitting occasion, at the same time, to call attention to the latest achievement of the great "mystery" of diplomacy.

From Punch.

APSLEY HOUSE.

The iron gates set wide, let in the human tide

Of gentle and of simple, of wealthy and of poor,
That in numbers ever swelling it may flood the hero's dwelling;

See, it stands not in the court, and it stops not at the door.

Pass along!

It stays not in the hall to look around the wall,

At the range of busts all standing in a still and stately ring;

On—on the tide keeps flowing, nor pauses in its going
For soldier or for statesman, for Kaiser or for King.

Pass along.

Up the staircase let it flow, past that marble bulk below—

A colossus, seeming huger in that twilight dim and dun;

Who sceptred thus doth stand, globe and victory in hand?

'T is the conqueror of all, the conquered but of one!

Pass along!

Through chambers gay and bright, with costly pictures dight,

Where Landseer's strong beast-tamer his fierce creatures doth subdue,

Where Wilkie's veterans listen, with eyes that glow and glisten,

To the record of his battle—the Gazette of Waterloo.

Pass along!

From saloon unto saloon let the tide sweep onward soon,

Till suddenly it slackens in a long and narrow hall,
Where Murillo's bright brown faces, and Velasquez' knightly graces,

And Titian's golden sunlights, are glowing on the wall—

Pass along!

Yet pause awhile—for here he welcomed year by year
The companions of his triumph, the men of Waterloo;

Mark, curious, the space where his chair they used to place:

Enough! it is enough—we have seen it, and swept through—

Pass along!

Through curious treasure-rooms, where are gathered great heir-looms,

The trophies of his triumphs, rich gifts of price untold,

In their cases locked and guarded; so great deeds should be rewarded—

But why dwell on gauds and jewels—on malachite and gold?

Pass along!—

What means the sudden hush that has checked the hasty rush

Of the crowd that still pressed onwards, in this chamber low and bare?

To what poor place have we come in this vast and stately home?

What's that table, and that deal box standing there?

Pass along!—

No, linger long, and learn how, Spartan-like and stern,

He wrote at that poor table and sat in that mean chair;

How, with secretary near, in close toil and severe

He labored, nor his body nor his mind for age would spare.

Pause awhile!

'T was on the unpolished face of that rough-hewn old deal case

He wrote from all his fields how the fight had chanced to fare,

From Oporto's triumph through to the day of Waterloo

It was with him, and his records of battle still did bear.

Pause awhile!

In this room, where none have passed since its master left it last—

Nought touched; the book he laid aside to take it up again;

See the letters of the day after reading laid away—

His open inkstand, and the ink scarce dry within his pen.

Pass along!

To where he slept his sleep—not in downy cushions deep—

Such his bed as soldier's bed should be, uncurtained, hard and plain;

Solemn and still we gaze, till the fancy seems to raise,

'Midst these relics of his life, the old warrior up again!

Pass along!

From the Spectator.

AUSTRALIAN PROBLEMS.

AUSTRALIA is steadier in the development of her resources than we who observe her are in our opinion. Mankind will never get over the propensity to hasten to conclusions; and within the short period since the riches of Australia were fully known, we have hazarded conclusions various, and even repeated, in spite of experience as to their fallacy. Some months since, there was a cry that the number of emigrants congregated on the barren gold-fields would be sure to induce starvation for themselves and for their fellow-colonists. Although the number was subsequently increased, the threatened starvation has not ensued; and yet the report has been revived lately, still with the same sequel—greater numbers and no starvation. On the contrary, the last accounts show a state of the provision-market far from alarming. At Meroo Creek, in New South Wales, flour, it is true, was selling at 45s. per 100 pounds; but other articles of consumption were not in proportion; maize, for example, was only 12s. 6d. per bushel; tea, 1s. 9d. per pound, and sugar 4½d. per pound; so that the cupboard would not entail much greater cost at Meroo Creek than it would in London. In Melbourne, the price of flour, which was not long since, if we remember rightly, 45s. a ton, is now quoted at 40l.; not very greatly differing from the price at Meroo.

It was said, four or five months back, that the emigration had been overdone—that the labor market would be overstocked; the state of wages has refuted that fallacy in ordinary commerce, and the state of gold-produce has refuted it for the diggings. But it has been said within the week, that now the diggings are glutted—that there are too many hands upon the soil, and that some disaster would ensue unless some new diggings were found; and accordingly the last reports announce the “discovery” of five new diggings. It is a discovery to those who only see before their nose; but science had already scanned the characteristics of the land between Melbourne and Sidney, and had predicted that that range at least, if not a much larger range, will prove to be auriferous. The empirical digger sets forth with his spade, and, unconscious of the larger span of science, “discovers” the details of that general truth.

Again, we have once or twice had much more probable apprehensions that the wool crop would fail; but the very panic tended to work its own cure, by inciting the strenuous endeavors of the Yorkshire people in this country, and of the government under their urgency, to send out more labor. That, and some concurrent circumstances, have helped to keep up such a supply of labor, that the wool crop, which was in process of shearing when the last detailed accounts came away, was going on well, with every prospect of its being accomplished in New South Wales and South Australia; Melbourne still exhibiting the maximum of disorder.

The state of industry in Australia exhibits one characteristic, quite peculiar to that anomalous land. Although there is abundance of capital anxious to compete for the possession of those rich fields, standing around and awaiting the opportunity of establishing its position, yet it is practically excluded, at present, from the primary occupation of gold-digging; even commercial bodies

that possess land find themselves liable to some disturbance in the working of that land; and mining associations have great difficulty in holding together, if at all. Thus, the great trade of gold-digging is left almost entirely in the hands of the individual working-men, who are turning out gold at the rate of 20,000,000l. a year; a rate still increasing. Thus the great staple remains in the hands of a class not unlike our railway-navigators; recruited, however, by numbers of the middle class, who, under the operation of great prizes, find that they are not unable to dig, while they have no occasion to beg. We have already noticed the grand social effect, in the importance which this anomaly has given to the working man; who is now, to a great extent, at the top of the tree in Australia. But it has had some other consequences.

The commercial operations of capital practically excluded from extensive operations on the gold-field have been necessarily turned to the more ordinary operations of trade; and therefore, by this anomaly, the happiest direction has been given to the action of capital. The gold-production shifts excellently for itself; but capital has been thrown with additional energy into collateral processes of stimulating the agricultural and the ancillary trades of Australia. Such an arrangement would scarcely have been contemplated, and could not have been effected by the clearest dictate of prudence; but it is an accident of the most felicitous kind.

Although there are the utmost inequalities in the returns of digging—some, though not very many, undergoing disappointment, while a comparatively larger number seize magnificent wind-falls—yet by far the greatest bulk of the gold-digging population attain to a certain level of results; it is computed not only as an average, but as an approximation to the most general fact, that one man can dig up and clear about an ounce a week, and can live upon about half an ounce a week. Thus, by the very vigor with which the problem has been worked practically, the great majority of the working classes in Australia know what probably a working man can make at the gold-fields, and they find that it is not a result at all of a fabulous kind—only about double what a dresser could earn in the factories of Lancashire some twelve years ago. The working mind in Australia, therefore, is the better prepared to meet those enhanced offers of the capitalist that have induced a sufficient number in no inconsiderable portion of the country to remain for a season at the work of agriculture and wool-shearing. The Australian problem is working itself out, in spite of its suddenness and rapidity, with a beautiful degree of regularity.

The apprehensions that have been entertained respecting the disturbance of prices by the unprecedented augmentation of gold in our circulating medium may evidently be classed with those apprehensions that have already received their refutation from experience. We have already observed the general tendency of this abundance to produce its own counterbalancing. So long as food is produced in proportion, and raw material, which we are drawing in such a fine scale from America—so long as our own manufacturing continues—so long as emigration, coupled with those other causes, keeps up the value of labor in this country—the influx of gold will merely operate as an extended means of expanding the exchanges

of industrial life. The actual state of affairs is, that every living man in this country has a larger proportion of food, clothing, and cash to his own share, than he had before; the nominal rise of "price" is very little more than the index of that general enhancement. If we are richer, we do not think so much of every individual sovereign that enters or leaves our pockets; but, however our comfort improves, there is no sign as yet that sovereigns are becoming a drug in the market utterly contemptible. Prices can always take care of themselves, while the staples of produce are flourishing in due proportion to each other and to population.

From Tait's Magazine

Love in the Moon, a Poem: with some Remarks on that Luminary. By PATRICK SCOTT, author of "Lelio." London: Taylor, Walton, and Maberly. 1853.

MR. SCOTT has a vivid and glowing imagination, a fluency of versification, fine descriptive powers, and a genial humor—of each and all of which the present poem affords sufficient evidence. The lovers in this lunar romance are Lunari and Argentine, whose lot is cast on that hemisphere of the moon which is never turned towards the earth, of whose existence they are consequently ignorant. Their several families, like the Shaksperian Capulets and Montagues, are at deadly feud together, and the prospects of the young couple are anything but flattering. Lunari, in his perplexity, has recourse to a celebrated wizard, who, in answer to his invocation, utters the following oracular prophecy:—

When'er upon the open skies
A living globe of fire, in size
Than planet, star, or sun more vast,
Shall still and motionless be seen,
Then shall these ancient feuds be past,
And thou shalt wed thy Argentine.

And he directs him to the summit of a certain high mountain as the only place whence he may hope to discover the celestial phenomenon. Lunari, with a great deal of difficulty, persuades the rival houses to accompany him in the search. They set out together at length, though with no great cordiality—for, in his secret heart,

Each took a vow—"t'was sure to bind—
That if he failed this sign to find,
He never would again be crossed,
But make up for the time he'd lost
In this absurdly good endeavor,
And hate his neighbor more than ever.

They form a singular travelling-caravan, and, from the peculiarity of their lunar constitutions, are compared to mesmerized beings among us—a comparison which gives the author occasion to suggest—

How bright the era which would rise
With true millennial smile
On Britain, should Fate mesmerize
The universal isle!
How blest to find in life, that when
One power were tired or dead,
Its brother sense would kindly then
Do duty in its stead!

No poor-rates need we then advance
To keep our paupers well—
Fed cheaply with an easy glance,
And drunken with a smell.
None would be deaf when all might hear
With open mouth in place of ear;
While on the blind new light by dint
Of this new power would shine;
They'd sit upon the smallest print
And read it with the spine!

The party accomplish their long journey safely under the guidance of the young lover, who leads them into a cavern on the mountain's top, and, by the utterance of a single talismanic word, throws open the rocky portal that bars their view of the sky beyond. In an instant, before their eyes—

Like a sun of mightier birth
Glittered the majestic EARTH.
Around its orb the constellations passed
Like subject worlds with reverential pace
Treading the empyreal height,
Where calm, and motionless, and vast
It sat, like the Divinity of Space,
Upon the throne of Night.

The unlooked-for vision banishes the "ancient hatreds" of the rival houses—their offspring, the happy lovers, are united in marriage, and a most glorious bridal-feast is held in honor of the occasion.

And from that time to this, when'er
A marriage in the Moon takes place,
Joined soul to soul, the grateful pair,
To give the ritual of their race
A more than ceremonial worth,
Look up to heaven and bless the Earth.

SMOKING IN PRUSSIA.—If there be one part of the continent more than another where the tourist blesses the introduction of railways, it is assuredly the interminable sandy plain in the midst of which it pleased the insane fancy of the great Frederick to establish his Prussian metropolis. But, like everything mundane, railway-travelling in Germany has its disadvantages; for, to those who, like myself, are abominators of smoking, a journey in a German *Gesellschaft* railway-carriage is positive misery. It must be that Germans endeavor to stifle their political cares and sorrows in the fumes of tobacco-smoke, for, assuredly, if all were well with them, they would not smoke so incessantly. The practice has become well-nigh universal; and I fully expect to find the women smoking when I next visit Germany. Now, they stoutly maintain that a man is not a man unless he smokes; and a lover would have but a poor chance of success if his sighs were not perfumed by tobacco-smoke. The modern German smokes from morning till night, ay, and sometimes through the night-hours, too, as I know to my cost; for on one occasion lately, when my bed was placed against a door which communicated with the adjoining room in the hotel at which I was staying in Berlin, a stream of smoke came through the keyhole almost uninterruptedly during the night. No place is safe from the pollution. In the bedrooms you will find pieces of sandpaper attached to the walls, with notices requesting smokers to rub their matches on the sandpaper, and not on the walls, which request, however, is little heeded; and in the railway-carriages you will see, and be considerably inconvenienced by, tin boxes fastened to the sides, bearing the words, *Zu Abfall von Cigarren*.—*Literary Gazette*.